The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1889.

The Week.

By appointing Carroll E. Smith, editor of the Syracuse *Journal*, Postmaster of Syracuse, President Harrison has increased the number of New York editors whom he has subsidized with important public office to six, and the journals which have been muzzled thereby are the New York *Tribune*, the New York *Press*, the Utica *Herald*, the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, the Owego *Times*, and the Syracuse *Journal*. The only member of this list that has objected to the charge of being muzzled is the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, which declared, with much indignation, that the assertion that its conduct as a newspaper had been affected by the appointment of its managing editor as Collector of the Port, was "ridiculous and insulting." Yet we notice that this very paper is effusively warm in approving Mr. Smith's appointment, saying that it is "one of the very best that the Administration has made in the State of New York," and giving this reason for thinking so: "Mr. Smith has rendered long, faithful service as a hard worker in the Republican ranks, and as the editor of one of the most influential journals in the service of the party. *He has always been ready to do the bidding of the Republican party*, and has done so promptly, courageously, efficiently, and unselfishly." Could an editor who *was* muzzled by office write a more servile defence than that of a purely partisan appointment, after a purely partisan removal, by a President who had solemnly pledged himself to consider "fitness and not party service" in making appointments, and to make no removals save "in the interest of the public service"?

Among the things which Mr. Smith has done at the "bidding of the Republican party" has been the writing of its platforms for several years. He was the author of the strong civil-service-reform planks of 1885 and 1887, in which a demand was made for the "enforcement of the civil-service laws of the State and nation by all officials, not only in the letter, but also in the spirit." Yet when he attended "Tom" Platt's Convention last month, he did not scruple to turn his back upon these emphatic and specific utterances, and to write the meaningless demand of the platform for the "purification and elevation of the civil service." He is now purifying and elevating it in person by taking in it a public office as a reward for his own partisan services; for his Buffalo contemporary expressly states that it is in return for these, and not because of his fitness for it, that the position has been conferred upon him.

The appointment of Gen. Green B. Raum as Commissioner of Pensions is a much better one than had been anticipated, in view of the sort of men who have been most talked about for the place. He does not go in as the representative of the Grand Army machine, but as a man who, in the Internal Revenue Bureau years ago, showed himself a capable executive officer. The careful Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* says of him: "He is not only an able lawyer, but a man of excellent judgment and wide experience in the administration of public affairs. He is one of that class of men who don't believe that sentiment should be indulged when it runs counter to law. He is also one of those men who have the capacity to do their own thinking, the industry to perform their own work, the courage to adhere to their convictions, and the persistency to carry them out. There is one class of enterprising citizens with whom Gen. Raum will not be popular, namely, the pension agents, particularly those who have heretofore been potential at the Pension Office. These gentlemen will find that Raum will be Commissioner for the Government and General Agent for the soldiers, and that everything will be done in accordance with the letter and spirit of the law." If Gen. Raum lives up to these promises, he will rescue the Pension Office from the demoralization into which President Harrison threw it last March by the appointment of Tanner. As for Tanner himself, it may be hoped that we have now heard the last of him and his tiresome mouth, from which issued on Sunday two columns and a half of words.

In the recent silver-ore decision, after many months of deliberation, Secretary Windom puts the ruling solely on this ground: "Upon examination I find that the decisions and practice of this Department have been uniform for a number of years." Certainly they have been. But why did you not apply the same rule in the worsted controversy, where you overthrew a "uniform" practice of nearly half a century? The explanation is, that you thought Cleveland's defeat and a Republican House a mandate to rerate pensions and customs-taxes as the beneficiaries asked. But you have discovered that the country will not tolerate the doings of Tanner and Tichenor.

Secretary Noble has given out for publication the text of his first official letter to Tanner, and we trust that he will follow it with such others as he may have. It gives the public a chance to see what Tanner's policy really was, and the revelation is very instructive. Tanner had boldly asserted that he was the Secretary's superior officer, and had marked the letter in which he took this remarkable ground "Unofficial." Mr. Noble declined to treat it in that light, declaring it to be official, and answering it in an official and authoritative manner. He naturally had little difficulty in overthrowing Tanner's claim to official superiority, and, after doing that, he took up the merits and consequences of some of Tanner's official acts. This part of his letter is very interesting. It gives the first complete list of the clerks in Tanner's Bureau who had their pensions rerated. There were ten of these, and they received altogether in back pay $16,735. The Secretary goes over some of the cases, pronounces the reratings of them to be "wholly illegal and unwarranted," and treats them as representative of the whole.

No less interesting is the part of Secretary Noble's letter which refers to the financial consequences of Tanner's course. He says:

> "It may be that this Government is strong and great, and has at its command a surplus that no other nation has ever had; but if sums of money to the amounts above mentioned may be granted without any further consideration of fact or law than seems to have been given in these cases, it will depend solely upon a single officer's disposition whether the resources of the Government shall be sufficient for its maintenance or not. There are more than enough of these applications already in the field and increasing daily to exhaust indeed the surplus, of which so much has been said in connection with this matter, and I am informed that the applications for reratings are greatly on the increase, and now reach the amount of from seven to eight thousand a week."

President Harrison is the man who ought to take that sermon to heart. He, and not Tanner, is the man who is responsible for the extraordinary situation therein described, and he is likely to be the chief victim of it, for the seven or eight thousand veterans who have been petitioning each week for a rerating of their pensions will blame him, and not Tanner, when their petitions are denied.

It is curious and interesting, as a psychological study, to see how closely Mr. Halstead of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* follows the lines of the London *Times* in the Pigott affair in apologizing for the credence he gave to the Campbell forgeries. He towers far above the London *Times* in the manliness and promptness of his apology, but he maintains, as Mr. Macdonald maintained, first, that it was not unnatural he should think the document genuine, because it was just such a document as a man like Campbell might have been expected to sign; secondly, that the offence the signature seemed to prove was just the kind of offence Campbell's party are constantly committing; thirdly, that Campbell must bear part of the blame for not exposing the forgery sooner, just as Parnell was to blame for not bringing an action in a court of law, thus wickedly leading the *Times* to suppose that he had no defence; fourthly, that the forgery is really of no consequence, and leaves the main controversy just as it stood before. In the Parnell case, there was an additional plea, that as Pigott, the forger, was also an Irish Nationalist, his offence should really be charged against the Parnellites as that of one of their own fra-

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ternity. So, also, it may come out that the author of the Cincinnati forgeries was an unusually wicked Democrat, and Campbell must be considered a quasi-confederate of his, and morally responsible for him.

The growing prosperity of the South, and the confidence felt by capital in the permanence of that prosperity, are illustrated by the recent success of Gov. Seay of Alabama in placing an issue of new bonds. During the period of carpet-bag rule there were issued in 1873 small bonds to the amount of $1,000,000, which bore 8 per cent. interest and were receivable for State and county taxes, and yet stood at about 30 per cent. below par. Soon after the political overturning and the inauguration of a Democratic Governor in 1874, these bonds began to rise, and before long stood above par. A few years later the Governor was authorized to substitute for them 6 per cent. bonds, and such of these as were not taken in exchange by the holders of the old eights were sold at a premium of 2 per cent. The 6 per cents were retirable at the option of the State after ten years, and, that period having expired, the last Legislature authorized the issue in their stead of 4 per cents, which the Governor has recently placed at a premium of more than 1 per cent. The reduction in interest charge has aided in a reduction of the State tax within a few years from six mills to four, and the financial condition of the State is now in every way most encouraging. And yet Alabama is one of the States which some people have been trying to persuade Congress were so poor that they could not support their own schools.

No more encouraging statement of the progress of popular education in the South has appeared for a long time than an article by Col. James H. Rice, State Superintendent of Education for South Carolina, published in a recent issue of the *South Atlantic*. He says that "there is a more general interest among the people on the subject of common schools than at any previous period," as shown by the erection of modern and costly school-houses in all the chief towns, and the daily improvement of the schools throughout the country districts, where also school-houses of modern make are being built. The last Legislature took two steps of great importance to the development of the system, in the appointment of a Committee on Common Schools, and the passage of a bill providing for local taxation for schools to supplement the State fund. "The situation, as I see it," says the Superintendent, "is encouraging in every aspect." Although there is still great ignorance and much poverty, "the State and its communities are on the rising tide," and "our people in the country need and demand at least six-months' terms." The best feature of this statement is the fact that from first to last there is no suggestion of any need for depending upon others to secure the improvements still needed. "The people have at last discovered that they must help themselves," says Superintendent Rice, and he closes with this appeal: "Let the next Legislature provide for and insist upon a six-months' term throughout the State." The ill-informed theorists at the North who are still insisting that the Southern people are unable to support good school systems, should learn something from such a presentation of the facts in the State where the difficulties to overcome were the greatest.

Mr. N. J. Bachelder, the Commissioner of Agriculture and Immigration of New Hampshire, has sent out (under date October 14) a preliminary list of abandoned farms in that State which shows a condition of things closely resembling that of Vermont. The list embraces 115 farms. "These," says the circular, "are unoccupied farms, and have been reported by the Selectmen of the various towns to have fairly comfortable buildings. They comprise but a small part of the abandoned farms of the State." He adds—and this is an important matter—that "in most instances these farms have not been abandoned because the soil has become exhausted, or from a lack of natural fertility, but from various causes appearing in the social and economic history of the State, which will be more fully discussed hereafter." The Commissioner's discussion cannot fail to be interesting. We hope he will show what effect, if any, the tariff legislation of the country has had on farming in New Hampshire during the past quarter of a century; for if it has not had any effect, it has come lamentably short of its promises. If it has had any effect, we should like to know what it is. Meanwhile, we commend again to Mr. Henry George's followers the rare opportunity offered to them to acquire land and "fairly comfortable buildings" on the easiest terms.

In last week's issue of the *Standard*, Mr. Henry George answers the charge of plagiarism recently preferred against him in the *Twentieth Century*. The substance of the charge was, that all the leading and essential ideas of his 'Progress and Poverty' were published in the year 1850 in a book written by Patrick Edward Dove, entitled 'The Theory of Human Progression.' Mr. George says that he never saw Mr. Dove's book until three years after his own was published, that the two books are different in character and scope, that Herbert Spencer's 'Social Statics' bears a closer resemblance to Mr. Dove's book than his own does, but that Mr. Spencer's was published in the form of separate essays before Mr. Dove's, and finally that all of them are antedated by a work of Prof. William Ogilvie of King's College, Aberdeen, published in 1782, in which the single tax was advocated on the ground of the inherent right of every human being to an equal share of property in land. Even Ogilvie was preceded by one Thomas Spence, who held and advocated, and published in 1775, the same doctrine. The substance of Mr. George's defence is that this idea has been floating around the world for centuries as common property, and therefore that no charge of plagiarism can rest against anybody for taking it up and dressing it anew. This is, indeed, the truth, but it will be a new truth to most of Mr. George's followers, and we fancy that few of them would accept it from anybody but himself.

One of the delegation of American mechanics which visited Europe the past summer in connection with the Paris Exhibition, writes to a contemporary that in visiting the "Ashbury" car-shops near Birmingham, he found that establishment engaged in filling a contract for 8,000 journal-boxes for the Pennsylvania Railroad. We think this must be a mistake. It is not possible that protection in the United States is thus being betrayed in the house of its special friends. A meeting of the Home Market Club ought to be called immediately and the subject prayerfully considered.

There is a state of things in Wall Street which might turn out to be extremely grave had not one of our esteemed morning contemporaries visited it with timely exposure. It appears that a certain banking-house, whose head is also Vice-President of the United States, has been lending money at 10 and even 15 per cent. to needy borrowers. The firm has been doing this indiscriminately instead of making out a select list of borrowers, as they might have done, and lending to them at 6 per cent. and letting the rest go begging, which would have been the proper thing to do in a tight money market. That the firm, or at all events other firms, would have followed the latter course but for the Vice-President's intervention, is made tolerably clear by the *Times*, which says that "the highest Federal official from this State is openly accused of tugging at the strings that tighten the purses of the lenders." Such conduct deprives our contemporary of the power of comment. It says:

> "We have no comment to make on such a policy, if he be really following it. Every shrewd man is apt to make the most of the current situation, which, with this country, is a terribly artificial one, but we feel for the *organs*."

These "organs" are not the same kind as those referred to by Sairy Gamp, when she described a man whose lamentations at the birth of his seventh heir were such that the neighborhood "thought his 'owls was horgans"; but we are reminded of that bit of history by the *Times's* editorial paragraph on the money market.

The members of the Ballot-Act League of Massachusetts, who are devoting themselves to the spreading of information concerning the requirements and working methods of the new ballot law, which is to have its first trial next month, say that they find great interest in the law in all parts of the State, and believe there is a determination among a great majority of the people that it shall have a fair trial. There are some indica-

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tions that unscrupulous politicians are planning various kinds of evasions, and possibly are seeking to raise complications which may cause confusion and delay in its workings; but these are not at all formidable. There are also indications that the facilities afforded by the law for independent nominations will be used to a considerable extent, chiefly for nominations to the Legislature. Inquiries have come from all parts of the State as to the meaning of certain parts of the law, and as to the best way to help forward its successful use on election day. These are signs of popular interest which are most encouraging for complete success when the trial is made.

The democratic spirit which rates a man according to his ability, instead of the length of his father's purse, has always been strong in American colleges, and it has been a common thing for a poor youth to carry off the highest honor which his classmates have to award in competition with a rival who had all the advantages which wealth and powerful connections can give. Of late years there has been some apprehension lest the growing proportion of rich boys who go to college might develop something in the nature of an aristocracy of wealth, and poverty might prove to be an obstacle in such contests. The choice by the Harvard Seniors as class orator of a man who is not only so poor that he has had to work his own way through college, but who is also a negro and the son of a man who was a slave, indicates that the democratic spirit is still strong in the institution, and is an encouraging sign for the future of the University. Mr. Clement Garnett Morgan, the young man in question, has had a very honorable career in Cambridge, standing well in his class by hard exertion, and particularly excelling in declamation, for which he took the Boylston prize a year ago. His election as orator is said to have been received with very unusual enthusiasm.

The Episcopal Convention proceeds with its work, on the whole, placidly, and very moderately as to pace, though its remaining time is brief. On Monday the Lower House put aside decision of the "color-line" question by a vote so close as to call for a division (on the same day of the news that the Harvard Seniors had chosen a colored man to be class orator, and, more surprising still, that Yale had a colored man on the foot-ball team). The House of Bishops, by an emphatic vote, has struck out of the report of the Joint Committee on Liturgical Revision what has been called familiarly "the pause-rubric," which it was proposed to place immediately after the Prayer for the Church Militant (when the Communion Service was to follow), and which read as follows:

> "Here the Priest shall pause for a space in order that such as are so minded may withdraw."

This is of some importance to Episcopalians from its bearing on the dead-set which has been made of late against "non-communicating attendance," that is, persons remaining through the whole Communion Service who do not partake of the consecrated elements; a movement that has puzzled outsiders, who cannot understand why any solemn religious service should be thought to be not edifying. Apparently the Bishops have no sympathy with the new notion. On the other hand, the House of Deputies has differed with the Bishops on the question of a new rubric in the same Office, in these words: "There shall be no celebration of the Lord's Supper except there be some to communicate with the Priest." This is not surprising, since, so far as we have observed, nobody has pointed out how the Priest may be expected to know whether there be some to communicate with him or not. In fact, the rubric appears to be what we may call in appropriate language "the corrupt following" of the Church of England, which has a rubric substantially the same. But the Church of England provides means for the Priest's knowledge in a companion rubric as follows: "So many as shall intend to be partakers of the Holy Communion shall signify their names to the Curate, at least some time the day before." The two together completely cover the ground, but to impose the prohibition, without the provision, is apparently a *brutum fulmen*, as a reverend deputy entitled it in debate. The Memorials of Deceased Members indicate that the Convention's theology needs revision, since they translated the departed to "glory," to "the Church Triumphant," "to the family of the redeemed in heaven," "to a residence with God," etc., etc. We believe that even the Roman Catholic Church, with all the power of infallibility, never attempts to perform so much as this by mere memorial resolution.

The Convention, in some of its alterations of the Prayer-Book, is illustrating freshly the misfortune of allowing works of literature to be remodelled by a popular debating assembly. The fine deprecation of the Litany, for instance: "From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death," has been spoiled by prefixing "From fire and flood," and inserting "earthquake" before "lightning and tempest." This has ruined the delicate rhythm of the passage, to begin with, but, beyond that, the multiplication of particulars has lessened its significance and abased its dignity. The Convention seem not to perceive that the original form was only approximate, and therefore poetic and suggestive, and that by turning it into something like a catalogue they rob it of its beauty. So far as principle is concerned, they might as well go on, after either "flood" or "tempest," to deprecate wetness, chill, and dull skies. In liturgics the boundary between the sublime and the ridiculous is almost certain to be crossed in the descent to small things. Moreover, in this case, apart from all other considerations, the likeness between lightning and fire, and between flood and tempest, supplies sufficient argument against this unhappy innovation.

The trouble in the American Board of Foreign Missions, touching the refusal of the Board to send out missionaries who believe in a period of probation after death, came to a crisis on Thursday. A Committee of Fifteen was appointed last year to ascertain and report the opinions and feelings of the churches and theological seminaries indirectly on this matter, and it made its report on the 16th, but there was for practical purposes nothing in it. It had sent out 1,593 circulars, and had received only 570 answers, and only 325 favored any change in the present mode of constituting the Prudential Committee of the Board—the real bone of contention, as the malcontents who demand freedom in their intercourse with the heathen demand representation on it. The Committee contented itself with reporting the facts—the most significant of which was, that the largest contributors to the funds of the Board were among those who took no notice of the circular. The members expressed no opinions of their own. A motion to continue the Committee, with a view, we presume, of extracting opinions from it, led to some exciting speeches from the opposition before an eager and excited audience, but the party in power cut off debate by making no response whatever. One of the speakers, Dr. Griffis, brought out the fact that not a single Congregational minister in Boston could go abroad as a missionary under the Board, owing to the test of orthodoxy imposed by the Prudential Committee—which seems a curious state of things, and one which would certainly puzzle the heathen a good deal.

The Board closed the "incident," as the French would call it, on Thursday, amid more passionate protests from the malcontents, the voting strength still curiously enough remaining with the conservatives, who seem to treat the minority with what would be called in a secular meeting silent disdain. There are several features in the matter inexplicable to the outside world. One is the refusal of two-thirds of the churches and theological seminaries, and these the largest contributors to the funds, to express any opinion about the policy of the Prudential Committee towards the missionaries. Another is the firm belief of the malcontents, in spite of this fact, that the falling off in the income last year, compelling a draft of $82,000 on a legacy to meet current expenses, is due to the dissatisfaction of the churches with this policy. The third is the absence from the debates of any mention on either side of the morality of presenting to the heathen, whose spiritual welfare is the chief concern of the organization, as Christian doctrine, doctrine which is not held by the whole Christian world, or even by the whole of the denomination which the American Board represents. It must be the duty of somebody to be frank with the heathen about the doctrine of future probation. Whose duty is it? The point may be evaded with the African savages, but cannot be evaded with the acute and civilized Hindus and Japanese.

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EDITORS, MUZZLED AND UNMUZZLED.

THE New York *Press*, whose editor was appointed by President Harrison Superintendent of the Census, has done the public a service in showing that any editor who is appointed to office must either "abandon or muzzle his paper." As it is the rule for such editors not to abandon their journals, it follows that those who continue in control must muzzle their papers. The reason why, from the very nature of the case, the editor who is appointed to office must muzzle his paper, was so clearly stated by the *Press*, in its comments on the removal of a Democratic editor from the Syracuse Post-office, that we reprint this judgment of an expert:

"If Northrup had not been the editor of a Democratic paper, it might be said that President Harrison could well have afforded to retain him for his full term, as President Cleveland retained the Republican whom he found in office. But, being the editor of a prominent Democratic paper, Mr. Northrup was responsible for the adverse criticisms which that paper passed upon the Administration. Every one can see the embarrassment of the situation. The Democratic editor ought to have either abandoned or muzzled his paper, or else resigned his post-office."

A close reader of the Republican newspapers of the country during the last few weeks has seen a striking illustration of the way that office-holding muzzles the editor, in the treatment by the muzzled and the unmuzzled of one of the most important matters now pending—the filling of the vacancy on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. It is well known that President Harrison desires to fill this place by the appointment of his old law partner, Attorney-General Miller. It is equally well known that the only thing which will deter him from "pleasing himself" in this matter is the presentation of evidence by the press of his party that such an abuse of power would be scandalous. The exigency demands the most earnest protests against the threatened wrong from every Republican editor who would save the nation from having the highest judicial honor bestowed upon a commonplace Indianapolis lawyer, simply because he happened to become the law partner of General Harrison many years ago.

There are Republican editors who see their duty and discharge it—editors who do not hold office and do not seek it. One such is the editor of the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, who says, regarding this matter:

"There is more than one jurist in the Republican ranks whose elevation would be received with universal approval, and whose name would be a tower of strength to the Administration. Such are not the men who are now most frequently mentioned in connection with the place. It ought to be, it probably is, unnecessary to remind the President that this office is not personal; that it is, in the highest sense, national; and that every citizen, and particularly those of the legal profession, has a right to criticise freely. In the light of history, duty demands a careful choosing on the ground of fitness alone. In the lower light of expediency, nothing will more greatly strengthen this Administration than the selection of Supreme Judges who are admitted by universal consent to be worthy of the honor."

Another such editor controls the Minneapolis *Journal*, and, in commenting on the recent report that the Attorney-General was preparing to make Washington his permanent home, the *Journal* said:

"If the Attorney-General proposes to make Washington his permanent home, what bearing does this have on the theory that the President intends to put him on the Supreme Bench? Unfortunately it seems to have a direct bearing, and to indicate that the President's law partner is to be assigned to the vacancy. The President will have no more important nominations to make during his term, and he is not likely to more seriously disappoint the people in any appointment he may make than he will in this instance if an obscure lawyer of Indianapolis, who would never have been heard of if he hadn't been Benjamin Harrison's business partner, is elevated to the Supreme Bench."

A third editor with a mind of his own is at the head of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*. "Should Not be Nominated" is the title of a vigorous leading article which recently appeared in the editorial columns of the *Sentinel*, and which says bluntly:

"There is one very good reason why Mr. Miller should not be nominated by President Harrison for this place. Whatever may be Mr. Miller's fitness, he is known to the country only as President Harrison's law partner. In no other aspect has he been viewed by the people outside of his own State. There was criticism of his appointment to a Cabinet office because, as far as the country could see, he would never have been thought of but for his partnership with Gen. Harrison. Whether it should be true or not that his nomination for the Supreme Bench was due to the President's high estimate of his qualities, the country would certainly, not knowing Mr. Miller's qualifications, take it for granted that the appointment was purely personal. While there might be nothing scandalous in the appointment, there is no doubt that it would tend to damage the Administration, and consequently the Republican party. We doubt if the President has made up his mind to nominate Mr. Miller. But in view of the growing belief that he has, it is time for the Republican press to express its views on the subject."

Of course, it is true that "it is time for the Republican press to express its views on the subject." But unfortunately a large proportion of the leading Republican newspapers cannot express their views, because such expression would involve "adverse criticisms upon the Administration," and it would be unseemly for an editor who is an office-holder under the Administration to make such criticisms, and exceedingly risky for an editor who is seeking office to indulge in them. The result is, that the editors of the chief Republican newspapers—like the New York *Tribune*, the Utica *Herald*, the Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press*, the *Iowa State Register*, and the Burlington (Ia.) *Hawkeye*—are silent upon this subject because they hold office already, while the editors of still others, like the Rochester *Democrat*, are equally silent because they are seeking office and must behave as discreetly as though they had already got it.

There may have been people who thought that the Attorney-General's namesake put it too strongly when he declared, in his inaugural address on the 4th of March, 1841, that "there is no part of the means placed in the hands of the Executive which might be used with greater effect, for unhallowed purposes, than the control of the public press," and affirmed that "golden shackles, by whomsoever or by whatever pretence imposed, are as fatal to the freedom of the press as the iron bonds of despotism." But a few months' experience of such "control of the public press" by the grandson of William Henry Harrison has demonstrated that the old soldier was entirely right. A journal which has itself furnished an office-holder confesses that the editor appointed to office must "muzzle his paper"; and what such muzzling means is apparent when one contrasts the outspoken deliverances of the unmuzzled editors of the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, Minneapolis *Journal*, and Milwaukee *Sentinel* with the silence of the office-holding and office-seeking editors in presence of this threatened judicial scandal.

THE LATIN AWAKENING.

M. LEROY-BEAULIEU has called attention, in an interesting article in the last *Économiste Français*, to the important political and social fact that the "Latin races," as they are rather absurdly called—that is, the people who speak languages derived from the Latin—are at last waking up from the lethargy of the last two centuries, and have again begun to emigrate. Ever since the tide of Spanish and Portuguese adventurers ceased to flow to South America and the West Indies, and of French adventurers to Canada, towards the close of the seventeenth century, the Latins have steadfastly clung to their homes, and left to the English the task and opportunity of filling up the vast empty spaces opened up to Europe by the discovery of America and Australasia. France is the only European Power which, during the past hundred years, has shown any uneasiness at the wonderful spectacle of Anglo-Saxon colonization. One of the first things to which the Bourbons addressed themselves when they got back their throne, was to found a colony in Algeria, for the purpose of starting once more the stream of French emigration. It failed almost completely, for reasons which we have no space to enumerate here. It has been demonstrated by fifty years of experiment that Frenchmen will not go abroad to French colonies if they can help it. It is indeed questionable whether France has had since the Revolution any population to spare for emigrating, even if the people had the emigrating spirit. During the last twenty years she has had even to draw heavily on Italy and Belgium to meet the demands for manual labor of her own agriculture and manufactures. Spaniards have practically ceased to emigrate for one hundred and fifty years, so have the Portuguese, while the Italians and Hungarians until now have never emigrated at all in modern times. The result has been that the peopling of all the vacant spaces of the earth to which the Germanic races did not take a fancy literally ceased nearly two centuries ago. South America has remained nearly stationary, while North America and Australasia have been rapidly filling up.

All this seems now likely to change. The conscription for the great continental armies, with the heavy taxation necessary for their maintenance, combined with the wonderful cheapening and quickening of travel and the increased knowledge of foreign countries diffused by the newspapers and by the growth of popular education, is apparently rousing the Latin races into an emigrating activity which promises, if it continues at the present rate, to make a great modification in the relations of the Old World

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to the New, and it may be said to have first shown itself since 1880. In that year the whole Latin emigration to all countries was not over 80,000, and most of this went to Anglo-Saxon countries. Since 1885 this has been completely changed. Here are the returns for 1888:

LATIN RACES.	No. of emigrants.
Italy	207,795
France	23,339
Belgium	7,794
Spain	37,202
Portugal	17,518
Total	293,648

GERMAN AND BRITISH.	No. of emigrants.
Germany	98,515
United Kingdom	279,928
Total	378,443

Besides these there were 70,000 to 80,000 Scandinavians, and about 40,000 Austro-Hungarians and 8,000 Swiss. Now where did these go? Not, as in times past, almost all to North America and Australia. Here are the returns of immigration for 1888 to North and South America respectively:

SOUTH AMERICA.	No. of immigrants.
Argentine Republic	155,632
Brazil	131,337
Uruguay	17,407
	304,376

NORTH AMERICA.	No. of immigrants.
United States	525,019

In other words, the stream of immigration into South America is rapidly attaining the same proportions as that into North America. It is not unlikely to equal it between now and 1892. The rate at which the Italian emigration has grown since 1884 is very instructive on this point. It ran in this way: 1884, 59,459; 1885, 78,961; 1886, 87,423, 1887, 133,191; 1888, 207,795. The French within the same period has grown from 6,000 to 23,000, but it has really been larger, as there is a good deal of concealed emigration to escape conscription which finds no place in the Custom house returns. It is not likely to be large in our time, unless some fresh and overwhelming calamity should overtake the country.

The bearing of these figures on the work before the Pan-American Conference hardly needs to be pointed out. The tide of population which is now pouring into South America is settling on a soil even more fertile than our own, and under governments which in economical matters are more enlightened than ours. South American production and consumption are, therefore, likely to grow with extraordinary rapidity. The notion that by some hocus-pocus we can persuade such communities to carry on one-sided trade with us—that is, to buy from us without selling to us—might as well be abandoned at once. If we do not enter into natural business relations with them, either the ties which now bind them to Europe will be strengthened, or they will adopt our notion of being sufficient unto themselves and put up a Chinese wall in the shape of a high tariff. Of the latter we do not believe there is much risk. The former is certain if we persist in the ridiculous and puerile plan of trying to please them with subsidized mail steamers.

"THE GRAND ARMY."

THE sober-minded and self-respecting members of the "Grand Army of the Republic" are placed just now in a very awkward position. If they come out openly against the folly and absurdity of those who are speaking for them with regard to the Pension Office, they will inevitably have the air of reflecting on the patriotism and good sense of their comrades, and of depreciating the services rendered to the country during the war by the surviving veterans. On the other hand, to allow, without a word of protest or explanation, the assault of the pensioners on the Treasury to be carried out on the plan now in operation of treating service in the war as a pecuniary speculation, is to involve all members of the Grand Army, the real fighting men as well as the glib skulkers, in common obloquy and even disgrace. The alternative is a painful one, no doubt, but there are plenty of veterans who could well afford to meet it by stamping with reprobation the attitude towards the country and the Government taken up by Tanner and his followers. Silence is not always golden. There is a time to speak as well as to hold one's tongue, and it seems to the ordinary observer as if a real Grand Army man ought just now to be using his tongue pretty freely in defence of the soldiers of the late war.

Several things are occurring which should, we think, fill honorable men who served in the army from high motives with a good deal of honest shame, and which they should not witness in silence. One is the appearance on the scene, as their chief representative in making demands on national gratitude, of a noisy man in the person of Tanner, who does not appear ever to have distinguished himself on the field. He was, when wounded, a straggler, away from his regiment, and was lying down under an apple tree reading, in what was apparently a safe place, when a suddenly opened artillery fire took his legs off. He was mustered out of the service in one year after his enlistment, when only eighteen years old, and has since then in no way distinguished himself in civil life, except as a persistent office-seeker and voluble talker. It is not a reflection on him, however, to say that it seems to the rest of the world an extraordinary and somewhat humiliating circumstance that out of a million and a quarter of survivors of the war, there is nobody better than Tanner to state the claims of the veterans on the country. Surely there must be still extant among them some one who could champion their cause with better titles to public respect both as a man and as a soldier than his are.

Another thing which must be mortifying to the more self-respecting element of the Grand Army is the way in which the present controversy is stripping the soldiers who fought in the war of all poetic drapery in the eyes of the younger generation of Americans. Men over forty who saw the thin and ragged battalions which came back from the war, or visited the army in the field, know well that there is no buncombe in the stories of the suffering and self-sacrifice of those days; that the Union was really saved by the devotion of men who were ready to die for it or did die for it. But the younger men who are now rapidly coming into possession of the country and its affairs, who know nothing of the war but what their fathers have told them, are fast losing all their old and hallowed illusions about the motives which took the bulk of our troops to the field. "Veteran" is becoming in their eyes a synonym for "bummer" or "dead beat," and they begin to listen to the clamor for pensions very much as they listen to the arguments by which the street casual enforces his demand for a quarter on a cold night. It is getting to be difficult to make them believe that men went to the war in a glow of patriotic fervor, and not in the hope of filthy lucre. Any one who thinks this an exaggerated statement must remember that we have within a few months witnessed the appearance on the scene, on behalf of the veterans, of the argument that dishonorable discharge, no matter for what—cowardice, theft, drunkenness, or fraud—ought not to bar a man's claim to a pension; or in other words, that when the day comes for the nation to reward its saviors in cash, the scamp who was drummed out as a disgrace to the service ought to receive just the same consideration as the man who always stood fast in the fighting line, and was, both in battle and on the march, cheerful, obedient, faithful, and uncomplaining. Did any body of men ever before submit in silence to the operation on their own person and character of such a *reductio ad absurdum*?

The work of demolition, however, has gone even further than this. The views which some of the veterans and their friends are giving out as to the nature and object of military service in a free State, really give a *bouffe* air to the war and its results. The notion, for instance, that if the army saves a country, it ought to be allowed to treat the revenues thereof as the private property of the men; that laws regulating pensions ought not to be construed or administered like other revenue laws, but simply as general directions to spend liberally; that it is proper for an army, after being mustered out of the service, to form itself into a political party for the purpose of securing large dividends for the members out of the national exchequer—all these present a modern national army in an absolutely new light, and point to the old Italian plan of carrying on war by contract with a Boss fighter, agreeing to pay him a fixed sum for victory, and exacting large bonds as security against defeat or delay.

The crowning touch in this strange process of self-depreciation appears in the *Tribune* of Tuesday, in the shape of a letter from a Vermont clergyman, the Rev. E. J. Ranslow, a member of the Grand Army, which is endorsed by Gail Hamilton, Mr. Blaine's *alter ego*. He pleads the cause of the deserter in terms that would delight Offenbach:

> "A boy, accustomed to all the comforts of home, enlisted in an old regiment, April, 1864. In May he is pushed through the slaughter of the campaign that began at the Wilderness, and continued to the great surrender. Now patriotism and courage will endure a great deal, but not everything. While there seems to be a chance for life, men will stand up and be shot at. But when one battle follows another in quick succession, until there seems to be no chance at all for escape; when, in addition, the air is full of rumors of gross incompetence, and the story told and believed that men are being use-

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lessly slaughtered by drunken and incompetent officers, is it strange that this lad, with certain death before him, as he verily believes, and a homesickness which has become acute nostalgia, should leave the field of Cold Harbor with the belief that he is justified in embracing the first opportunity to desert? For my own part I will remember the battles which he bravely fought, and defend him to the best of my ability against the sneers of those who never fought at all. It is a place for mercy to rejoice against judgment."

Of course no army organization could confine this privilege of deciding when he had fought enough to *one* "boy accustomed to all the comforts of home." Every "boy" in the field in the front of a determined enemy thinks the humblest home a wonderfully comfortable place. In all wars there are seasons of frequent reverses and great depression. At such times, too, the air is sure to be "full of rumors of gross incompetency," and the camps full of "homesickness and acute nostalgia." It is precisely for such seasons that military discipline was invented; that cowardice and desertion were first stamped with the deepest reprobation by all the conquering races of the world. The fate of great nations and of great causes depends, at such crises, on the spirit infused into the soldiers, not only by the fear of punishment, but by the expectations of people at home. No people which sent "boys" to the field with liberty to run away when the "homesickness" had developed into "acute nostalgia," has ever figured long in the pages of history or ever done much for the world. The reason is, we have said, that the right of one boy must be the right of all, and an army composed of nostalgic boys would, of course, dissolve after the first defeat, and leave the newspapers to repel the enemy. It is high time, we repeat, for our rational and manly veterans to speak out, if they mean to maintain the hold of the armies which saved the Union on the reverence and affection of coming generations

A WORD WITH SUBSCRIBERS TO THE FAIR FUND.

THE *World* suggests the following as a proper form for the subscription to the Guarantee Fund of the Exposition:

"We, the undersigned, severally subscribe to the Guarantee Fund of the World's Fair to be held in New York in 1892 the sums set opposite our respective signatures, and bind ourselves to pay the same or any part thereof upon demand of the Finance Committee, upon such terms and conditions as the Committee shall hereafter prescribe."

We suggest, however, as imperative the addition of the following clause:

"Provided, always, that the use of the Central Park, or any part thereof, for the purposes of Exposition, now forbidden by law, is not at present, and shall not hereafter form, part of the plan of the Committee."

It is hardly necessary to remind intending subscribers to the fund that the plan of taking an indeterminate portion of the Park has not been abandoned. The slow progress and uncertain results of the canvass of the property-holders outside the Park now going on make it extremely unlikely that the Committee will be provided with any site outside the Park in time for the meeting either of Congress or of the Legislature. Even if they knew exactly to-day what lots they could and what they could not get with the consent of the owners, and in what spots they would place their buildings and grounds, they would probably have, with regard to some portions of the ground, to go through a process of condemnation for public use which, if resisted, as it would be in the courts, would inevitably prove tedious. Consequently, they are by no means likely to have any clean-cut scheme ready to submit to Congress in competition with Chicago and other places, unless they offer the Central Park.

We fear that the temptation to do so, as the easiest way out of their difficulties, will be overwhelmingly strong, unless a check is put on them by the subscribers to the fund in the way we mention. We do not think it is hypercritical to say that no good citizen ought to be asked to sign any paper, under the existing resolutions of the Committee on Sites, without taking notice of the fact that the Committee's action, as it now stands on the record, is a proposal to commit an illegal act. A decent regard for public opinion and for the law of the land would have imposed on the Committee the duty of mentioning in their resolution the existence of the statute which now makes their plan with regard to the Central Park a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment. They ought, in these days when law needs so much respect and support, to have made their proposal expressly conditional on their ability to procure a repeal of the statute. Until this is done, their invitation to people to sign their paper is, in form, an invitation to enter into a "conspiracy to commit a crime," as defined by the Penal Code of this State—a most interesting little work. We grant that in one sense this is a small matter, but in another and a very important one it is a great matter. The total ignoring of the law by all the promoters of the Fair showed a state of mind about the Park which calls for increasing vigilance and caution on the part of its defenders. Any one who now signs any of their papers, without annexing to his name a qualification in behalf of the Park, may be sure that he is making himself in some degree a party to its destruction.

We say "destruction" because we have not the smallest doubt that the seizure of the whole of it is contemplated by the promoters of the Fair in a not unlikely contingency, and one which some of the most influential of them regard with favor, or at all events without dislike. Finding themselves on committees charged with high executive functions, their personal pride and credit, as is not unnatural, are enlisted in making the Fair a success, *coûte que coûte;* and they look on the Park very much as a warrior would who found it impeding his attack on an enemy's stronghold—a place to be cut and slashed as much as the occasion may require. This would be a deplorable state of mind on the part of leading New Yorkers, even if they were sure to confine themselves to their favorite slice, the part north of the Reservoir. A lovelier scene than this North Meadow is not to be found in America. The tens of thousands who use it in summer as a play-ground must all their lives long have memories of it such as no city in the world to-day, we venture to say, can supply to its young people. Any one who desires to cover its lawn with buildings and roads, and let loose on it vast crowds of sightseers to trample it out of recognition, and ruin its trees and shrubbery, which are the product of thirty years of care and labor, is not only "little to be envied," as Dr. Johnson said of the man who could "walk unmoved amid the ruins of Iona," but is "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils," and especially "spoils."

One of the oddest things to us about the attack on the Park is the indifference it reveals in so many estimable and public-spirited men to the part the Park has played in sowing among us the seeds of civic pride—the lack of which has proved such a curse to the city. Our population is composed of so many heterogeneous elements, is divided by so many lines of race, language, religion, tradition, tastes, and sympathies, that common municipal interests and satisfactions have almost wholly died out among us. We have no public monuments but the Park, of which everybody is proud. There is nothing in our municipal government which excites affection or admiration, by which any young man's imagination can be fired or any old man's memory softened, except the Park. In fact, there is a great deal both in the personnel and the machinery of the government which makes us all hang our heads for shame. Into this municipal darkness the Central Park has brought light. It has proved a great public work in which every class of the population glories, an ornament which we can show to foreigners without apology or explanation. It has furnished reformers with hope and encouragement in working for other improvements—docks, pavements, and cleanliness—and even in working for better administration in every department. It has shown the possibility of carrying out municipal enterprises which need long periods of persistent attention and artistic oversight for their completion, and, in truth, the possibility of spending the money of a pure democracy, without let or hindrance, on things which commend themselves mainly by their beauty. In all these ways the Park has proved of great political as well as social and æsthetic value. In fact, it might be said, without exaggeration, to have laid the foundation among us of a real municipal life. To those who think in this way, of course, the plan of converting it into a huge, desolate Fair-ground in honor—of all men in the world—of Christopher Columbus, has something absolutely barbarous as well as absurd about it. It seems like the proposal of a Goth or a Vandal to use the pillars of the Pantheon to make lime.

COLLEGE LIFE FOR WOMEN.

THE subject of the life which women lead within college walls has lately been under discussion in the *Critic*. The question whether the common-household plan, which prevails with more or less modification in all the separate colleges for women, is better or worse than the plan of scattering students and teachers about in separate houses, is one that necessarily divides itself into two parts, which are

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not kept sufficiently distinct in the *Critic's* discussion: better or worse, is it meant, from the point of view of the greatest well-being of the student or of the teacher? There is never any anterior reason for supposing that the interests of both parties in a relation will be met by one and the same arrangement. The larger question, whether the plan of educating men and women together is not best of all, is answered, for both student and teacher alike, by affirming that the only way to obtain the naturalness and the strong inspiration of real social life is for men and women who are engaged in like pursuits to associate together. The conventual or the monastic character of the arrangement begins with the establishment of separate colleges, and the question of how the women or the men shall be housed after the separation has been effected, is a question of secondary importance.

But in the present transition stage between the mediæval custom of seclusion and the free and natural common life which we may look forward to in the future, there is no doubt that the household plan has immense advantages for the woman student over anything that could possibly be substituted for it. Miss Wheeler's contention is, that it would be much better for young women if they resided in homes while taking their college course of study. The poetic enchantment with which the word home is invested is the source of a curious fallacy. An ideal home is an admirable place, but not every house in which a family lives is an ideal home. No one feels a general admiration for "people," but no sooner have "people" retired into "homes" than it is too frequently taken for granted that they are turned into ideal human beings. It may be sad, but it is nevertheless true, that a great many girls go to college, having received an accidental spark of life from some remoter ancestor, who come from families in which mercantile pursuits, fashions, and religion are absolutely the only subjects which ever occupy the minds of their members. The great transformation which a college course may effect upon such young women is immensely facilitated—brutal though it may seem to say so—by securing a complete separation between her and her family.

But even if the home life is all that could be desired, there are two simple reasons why it is often well for a girl to be removed from it. The principal causes why women often carry on their lives on a lower plane than they might attain to are the trivialness and the inordinate self-sacrifice to which they fall victims. Even the best of homes are too often full of petty worries and petty interests which render impossible the free, calm life which the college student ought to live. The sudden sweeping away of all the trivial details and the unavoidable annoyances which attend housekeeping on a small scale, and the plunge into the homogeneous intellectual atmosphere of the college family, is often the cause of a sudden change in the entire mental plane of a young person's life.

Again, no nice young girl is capable of resisting the claims of other members of the family upon her sympathy and her actual practical aid in the thousand and one events of the day, even if she is not assigned her regular share in the family burdens. That brilliant young Englishwoman, Emily Watson, who died a few years ago from overwork, arose at five o'clock in the morning to do her own studying, and spent *all* the hours of daylight in teaching her younger brothers and sisters. A distinguished German, writing on female education, says that girls, if educated at all, must be educated in the house, and not at regular schools, because it is absolutely necessary to the proper development of their characters that they should be where they can rise from their books at any moment to hand a glass of water to any member of the family who may need it. This view of the functions of women we have outlived in this country, at least in theory, but many women are still, in practice, of so self-sacrificing a temperament that they need to be artificially guarded against themselves. For them the proper conditions for healthful study can only be obtained by separation from the family.

But the question whether women who go to college had better live in their own homes or not, is not a question of very much practical importance. Those young women who have the double good fortune to live in an ideal home and to have a college of high standard come and establish itself at their doors, are quite sure not to fail to take advantage of their happy lot. But they are necessarily very few in number. Baltimore and New York are the only large cities in which colleges for women exist; and even in a large city something must be done with students who come from a distance. However great a value one may attribute to home life at its best, there is a naïveté in supposing that separate homes are found for the students when they are put into separate boarding-houses, which is very amusing. The ordinary unsupervised boarding-house is as dreary a place of residence as can well be imagined, and totally destructive of that gayety and spirit with which studying must be carried on if health is to be maintained at a high level. If there is nothing better to be had, college women will take the boarding-house and be thankful to get that; but if ideal conditions are to be aimed at, the common hall, spacious and light, peopled by those who have common aims and common hopes, is vastly to be preferred.

But the question assumes a very different aspect when it is the interests of the teacher that are concerned. For the student, college is merely a four-years' episode; the teacher must seek out such conditions as it is good to spend a lifetime in. The student is thrown into intimate association with her equals if the household plan prevails; the teacher is too closely pressed upon by her inferiors. The bad effect upon ministers of a forced association with the half-educated persons who usually form the greater portion of their parishes, has often been commented upon; but that would be incomparably worse if they had not the isolation of their own homes to fall back upon. The teacher needs the feeling of dignity and of independence that she can secure only if she carries on a separate household of her own, and there ought not to be any incompatibility between her salary and this plain requirement of her well-being.

How, then, can the needs of teachers and students both be satisfied? There is a third estate—intermediate in station between teachers and students—consisting of the fellows and the graduate students. If they resided with the college family, they would furnish the stimulus of contact with something better than themselves which undergraduates need, and the teachers might be freed from the chief irksomeness of their position. It is a fundamental principle of the science of ethology—that science of which Mill hoped to lay the bases, but which still awaits a founder—that character is far more readily influenced by that which is a little higher than itself than by that which seems to be beyond its reach. The teachers cannot but seem somewhat remote and hard of comprehension to the younger students; the fellows are far more capable of inspiring them with enthusiasm, and, as Prof. Cooke said at the last Harvard Commencement dinner, in an institution of learning we cannot prize too highly the ennobling virtue of enthusiasm. The liking for hard work and the entire absence of boyishness that have from the beginning characterized the students of the Johns Hopkins University, have always been attributed by the keen observer to the presence among them of a large body of fellows and graduate students. In women's colleges, a community of students of both grades, together with such teachers, perhaps, as had a special liking for and sympathy with the young, would form an ideally constituted society; and such of the teachers as had high scholarship or large contact with the world for their chief aim would be saved from a fatiguing contact with immature minds. There is no question of restraint for college women, of course, in any college which deserves the name; and a small sprinkling of better minds, together, it is to be understood, with frequent formal social contact with a larger intellectual circle, would suffice to leaven and to reform a large amount of immaturity.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND—II.

PORTLAND, Ore., September, 1889.

THE most serious drawback to the delightful rambles on Catalina Island is that one always has to keep an eye on the possibility of running across a "rattler." The first evening of my two weeks' sojourn I was sitting on the hotel piazza drinking in the salubrious night air, when the conversation of a group of men attracted my attention. Two of them were representatives of an English syndicate who were trying to buy the Island, and have since succeeded, I believe, in bagging it for $600,000. The reason why one of these ubiquitous English syndicates (who seem to "want the earth" at present) coveted Catalina Island, is, according to the Los Angeles papers, to be found in the fact that it abounds in silver ore, which, though not rich enough to be worked in this country, where labor is so expensive, might be carried as ballast on vessels returning to England, and profitably reduced to metal there. The agents were interviewing a resident as to the advantages and disadvantages of the island, and one of them, *inter alia*, asked about snakes. "Not a snake on the island," was the answer. This was such curious and interesting information that I jotted it down in my notebook. Next morning after breakfast, I took a walk up one of the hills, and, just after passing a little wooden building, I came across a young Englishman in a white flannel suit who was cautiously prying along the road on both sides. "Lost anything?" I asked. "No," was the reply, "I am looking for rattlesnakes. Killed one a few days ago right here, and don't like them quite so near my house." He was greatly amused when I told him how his countrymen had been "stuffed" at the hotel on the preceding evening. "The island swarms with snakes," he said. "They have never been interfered with, and have been allowed to multiply for several centuries, until they have become as abundant as ground squirrels. Only the other day a party moved their tent away from a spot over on that hill because a snake family had established a previous claim on the neighborhood. However, you need not be afraid of walking along the cañon or up the grassy sides of the hills, for they avoid the grass and haunt only the naked rocky hillsides, exposed to the

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full glare of the sun, where they can be easily seen."

I soon found that the simplest way to steer clear of rattlers is to hunt for them. I spent several hours looking for them in the most likely places, because I wanted to study the nature of the beast and get a few rattles, but not one did I see. There is no doubt, however, that they exist in large numbers, and the sooner they are exterminated the better for the future prospects of the island as an all-the-year-round health resort. However, it must be said that there are few instances of men having been killed by snakes in California, while the dreaded scorpions, centipedes, and tarantulas are hardly more dangerous than hornets. According to Dr. Weir Mitchell, who has made a special study of this subject, a rattlesnake bite in the extremities rarely causes death in this country, and he has known of nine dogs being bitten by as many different snakes, and but two died. He considers them a much maligned animal, and says they have always seemed to him averse to striking. This agrees with what the late T. S. Van Dyke says in his 'Southern California': "At least a dozen times I have either been about to step directly on one, or have stepped over it, or else have set my foot directly beside it. In no case have I been struck at by them, though I have made them strike very savagely at a stick." "Hunters take no precautions against them, and children run bare-legged through the bush everywhere without thinking of them." Still, the nervous might carry in their pocket some permanganate of potash, which Dr. Mitchell considers the most potent external antidote, that has saved many lives.

It might be worth while to introduce on Catalina Island some of the "road runners" so common on the mainland—a bird, looking somewhat like a large pheasant, which runs along the roads, seldom rises on its wings, and is said to live on snakes, lizards, centipedes, and similar delicacies, and is nevertheless pronounced a good gastronomic morsel by those who have the courage to eat it. It might also be good business policy to import a few of the Arizona cowboys, who, after making the rattlers strike, catch them by the tail and swing them like a whip till the head flies off. But cowboys are objectionable neighbors on other grounds, and it would be better, all things considered, to give the freedom of the village to a dozen pigs, who would soon make rattlers scarce about camp, and who might be allowed to run wild and clean out the whole island.

There would be a precedent for this in the wild goats which were turned loose by Vancouver on this and other Pacific islands, a hundred years ago, and which have now multiplied to thousands. These wild goats form one of the most characteristic attractions of Catalina. They are hunted on horseback, and are often seen in large herds, feeding along the hillsides. It is not very easy to get near enough for a shot, but still one or two are generally brought back as the result of a morning's ride; and the next day there is always "venison" with jelly on the hotel bill of fare. If it were a little more juicy and less insipid in taste (the young ones only are eaten), it might deserve that name. Barring an occasional hunt, these wild goats lead an ideal life, which the happiest mortal must envy them—no wild beasts to prey on them, and plenty of grass-grown hillsides to climb and browse upon. They are more fortunate than their cousins, the wild goats and half-wild sheep on the neighboring island of San Clemente, which, though almost as large as Catalina, is more barren, and is said to have no water at all except the heavy morning dews which the animals sip in with their breakfast of wild clover.

To those who find goat-hunting on horseback too arduous and risky a sport, Catalina offers a variety of entertainments in its bathing facilities and the rare opportunities for botanic, mineralogic, and archæologic research, besides fishing, watching the pelicans and flying-fish, and visiting the seal rocks. Bathing in the placid bay lacks the excitement given by plunges into foaming breakers, and it must be admitted that small pebbles do not make as agreeable a beach as sand. Yet those who can swim will enjoy a bath here as much as anywhere. There is a drawback in the thought that only sixty miles to the south, at San Diego, a young man, while in bathing, a few years ago, suddenly disappeared, being doubtless carried off by a shark. However, no shark has ever been known to eat more than one man at a time, so that if several go in together, each one has a fair chance of escape. Small sharks are occasionally seen in the bay of Avalon, but no accident has ever happened. Bathers are occasionally stung by a kind of animal called a stingaree, which causes a wound that must be cauterized, and is said to be almost as dangerous as a rattlesnake bite. But then we cannot expect to have everything arranged to suit us.

The charms of Catalina's flowers to lovers of beauty and botany I have already referred to, but I must not forget to mention that the thrill of delight on coming across the first Mariposa lily will mark an epoch in their experience. Amateur mineralogists may go prospecting for silver ore. In some places they will find patches of coal-black soil, besides igneous rocks in abundance, and other evidences of former volcanic agency. But the greatest treat awaits the archæologist, who may dig in the site of the graveyards, or the former village, part way up the main cañon, for Indian relics. The objects most frequently found are the pestles and mortars of various sizes, in which the squaws ground their grain and acorns, and strings of shells. These shells were used by the Indians as money, and Catalina Island was the place where most of them were found. The Yankee, who has succeeded the Indian at Avalon, still makes money out of these shells. There are a number of varieties strewn along the beach, but the largest and most beautiful is the abalone shell, the inner surface of which is often equal to the finest mother-of-pearl, while the outer surface can be made equally attractive by persistent polishing. The professional abalone hunters, who have their stores at Avalon and ship large quantities to the East, to be made into buttons, jealous of competition, will tell you unblushingly in spring that these animals are only caught in the winter; but after a low tide you may see them rowing in with a whole boat load of them. It is interesting to watch these men at work. One of them plies the oars, and the other has a long pole to stick into the unsuspecting abalone, which immediately shuts up shop and holds on so tightly to the pole that the man at the other end easily twists the shell off the rock and hauls it in; whereupon the search for another begins. The Californians seem to consider the abalone possibly useful as well as ornamental, for there is a tradition (probably manufactured by an ingenious Catalinian) that a Chinaman one day, while bathing, put his foot into a live pair of shells, and was held till miserably drowned by the returning tide. If this story becomes known at Sacramento, a law will probably be passed forbidding abalone fishing. Besides serving as a trap for Mongolians, the abalone has also a gastronomic use, for it makes the finest soup I have ever eaten—superior to the best terrapin.

Of the fish which abound here the best flavored are the large sardines, of which a whole boat-load is easily caught with one haul of the net. There are literally miles and millions of them along the coast, and it would doubtless be a profitable industry to can them, although the oil would have to be imported, for California olive oil is too much in demand and too expensive to be used for such a purpose. But there is a serious objection to these sardines—they spoil the fishing; for the large fish have their sardinian breakfast so handy that they refuse to bite unless tempted by a special delicacy, such as a piece of lobster. In April even this ruse often fails, for then the water is filled with spawn, and when a fish has spawn to eat, he turns up his nose even at lobster. To one solely intent on catching the fish, it must be most provoking to see hundreds of them, of all sizes, swimming about his tempting crawfish bait without paying any more attention to it than if it were a pebble.

But the lover of nature can here enjoy scenes which make him oblivious of the ignoble excitement of catching fish. Catalina Island has one of the most enchanting salt-water aquariums in the world. Row out into the ocean a few hundred yards, and you will get a glimpse of a submarine garden more wonderful than anything to be seen on shore. The water is calm and as clear as crystal, showing objects fifty or seventy feet below as distinctly as if you could touch them. Kelp, anemones and sea weeds, green, purple, and yellowish, and of various forms, wave about slowly in the current. Abalone shells cling to the rocks, and jelly fish float along, expanding and contracting rhythmically. The waving sea weeds are covered everywhere with a bluish mass looking like jelly. It is the spawn, the favorite food of the hundreds of fish in sight, whose life, swimming calmly to and fro, seems to be a perpetual picnic, like that of the goats on the green hillsides. But they have their enemies everywhere—in the water, in the air, and on shore. When the spawn is gone and the sardines have migrated, the fisherman and the tourist cast their hooks and pull in dozens in a morning; although once or twice an hour they are surprised by a twenty or thirty-pound monster who swallows the hook and simply walks away with it, heedless of the tiny line which seeks to hold him. The chief excitement of ocean fishing lies in this that one never knows what kind of fish one is going to land next. More than twenty varieties are caught here, including rock cod, sheepshead, whitefish, barracuda, mackerel, etc. The most fascinating of all is a bright red fish, which haunts the rocks, as beautiful as the Chinese gold fishes kept in glass globes, but very much larger. It is almost too beautiful to kill, but it has an ugly mouth, and is good to eat, so up it comes en route to the frying-pan.

The fisherman is the least formidable enemy of these fish. The pelican and the seal are wholesale butchers in comparison. The large pelicans, with their huge, ugly bills, with which they can scoop up a dozen sardines or smelts at one fell swoop, are very abundant at Catalina Island, but at the present rate of extermination by tourists they will soon be scarce. Their wing-bones make good and novel pipe-stems, and their skin, with the soft white and gray feathers, is ornamental; and that settles their fate. They are very stupid birds, and slow, and not a bit afraid of human beings, which makes them easy victims. Tourists kill them from the beach or on boats, and, after skinning them, throw the carcass overboard, where it is immediately pounced upon and disputed by a dozen greedy gulls. The seals occasionally

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visit Avalon Bay on their fishing excursions, ingeniously swimming a dozen abreast in a semicircle, and driving the fish before them till they are cornered. Sometimes the terrified fish, in their eager flight, jump on the beach, where they may be picked up alive. No one should fail to pay a visit to the seal rocks and see these creatures "at home." The rocks are at the southern extremity of the island, about six miles from Avalon, and can be reached by row-boat or by the steam-tug which almost daily takes down a party. A row-boat is preferable, because the seals allow it to approach nearer than a puffing tug. On the way down observe the splendid precipitous rocks, to the sides of which some wild goats may occasionally be seen clinging like flies. The boat passes projecting rocks and rugged promontories, on which a few pelicans and seals are basking; and between them are several large curved beaches of smooth pebbles, three or four feet high, and fifty feet wide, to which every winter's storms add a foot or two. As we approach the southern end of the island the swell of the outer Pacific becomes perceptible, and at the same time the seal rocks rise up before us. The hundreds of sea-lions lying on them appear to be fast asleep, but suddenly a sentinel raises up his head, watches us a moment, and then utters a cry of alarm. Immediately the whole army is awake, and gradually assume an erect position, barking hoarsely as we approach them. Among them are some formidable monsters, large and heavy as oxen, and were they not known to be perfectly harmless, it would seem a most harzardous undertaking to row right up to them. With every stroke of the oars they become more excited and noisy, and finally, when we are within forty or fifty feet of the rock, they plunge headlong and pell-mell into the water. For a moment they are invisible, and then they are seen collecting in a body in a sort of pool between the rocks, sticking up their snake-like necks and heads, and barking louder than ever, the younger ones bleating just like sheep. But gradually, as we move away a little and throw out our fishing lines, they become convinced that our intentions are peaceful, and then, with many a groan and snap at their neighbors, they climb back clumsily to the summit of the rocks, the biggest ones securing the best places. Seal rocks are always good fishing ground; but why is it that the fish do not learn to avoid places where they hear the loud barking of their voracious enemies? In this respect their instincts would appear to fail them.

HENRY T. FINCK.

THE NEW STANDARDS OF WEIGHT AND MEASURE.

PARIS, October 2, 1889.

OF all the congresses that mark the year 1889, perhaps the one that scores the most complete results in the achievement of its object was that held last week at the International Bureau of Weights and Measures. Fourteen years ago this curious and little-known institution did not exist. It may be remembered that in May, 1875, an international convention was signed in Paris between sixteen countries: Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Argentine Confederation, Denmark, Spain, United States, France, Italy, Peru, Portugal, Russia, Sweden-Norway, Switzerland, Turkey, Venezuela, for the purpose of insuring unification of weights and measures. Many of the contracting countries were provided already with copies of the standard metre and kilogramme after the originals deposited in 1799 at the French Archives. But these copies were found to differ from each other; besides, they could not be relied on as identical with themselves from one epoch to another. These differences were due to the imperfect chemical preparations employed in their composition, and to their form, liable to atmospheric influences and the action of time. The whole work had to be begun over. Science, in its constant progress towards precision, made a rectification imperative. Geodesy in particular urged it. As long as no two nations agreed on the acceptation of the metre, the exact knowledge of the configuration of our planet was an impossibility; for when a four-metre measuring-staff, used by geodesians in the survey of a base, is the starting-point of a sixteen-kilometre observation, it is easy to realize how the slight discrepancy gets multiplied, and how discrepancies arise between the calculations of two scientists belonging to two different countries.

At the close of 1875 the National Assembly of France adopted the convention, and conceded for the use of the institution the property on the hills of St. Cloud above Sèvres, known as the Pavillon de Breteuil, once a summer residence of the Princesse Mathilde. The budget of the Bureau was fixed at 100,000 francs a year. Each nation was to contribute in accordance with its population. Later, international gossip was frequently kept alive, for several countries were delinquent in paying their quota. Turkey never brought in a sou, but—there is a god for Turkish finances—its share of the contribution was made up by the others. When the committee, composed of fourteen scientists chosen in every country, under the presidency of Gen. Ibanez of Spain, had been appointed to take the direction of the Bureau, the first question was: Ought one to make a new metre and a new kilogramme, or is it better to accept without restrictions the old standards of the Archives, and, without copying them servilely, remake upon them the new international metre and kilogramme? The works of Delambre and Méchain, who measured the meridian from Dunkirk in the north of France to Barcelona in Spain during the Revolutionary tornado, served for the first acceptation of the metre among the allied nations in 1799. It was afterwards acknowledged that the metre of 1799 might be a trifle short—for that matter, Méchain himself admitted before his death certain inexactitudes in his survey which it was then too late to repair. In 1875 the unanimous opinion recognized that to establish a new and slightly truer measure was not of so much importance as to make one that should be uniform for all—or, rather, whose copies should be rigorously determined by comparison with the new standard. To insist on the metre representing exactly its theoretic definition was to expose it to constant modifications as the progress of geodesy went on; a standard ought not to be liable to frequent changes.

This point being admitted, a new metre and a new kilogramme were made—that is, copies as exact as possible of the old standards in the Archives; only, the new ones are made of better material and of improved form, so as to insure greater guarantees of conformability. For a whole year the question of composition was discussed. The idea of quartz was entertained for a while, but ultimately a composition nine parts of platinum to one of iridium, to add resistance and solidity, was adopted. The standards in the Archives are of platinum. While rendering full homage to the knowledge and skill of the scientists of the last century—Lenoir and others—it must be admitted that, owing to the resources of the modern laboratory, the experiments made on the material of the new standards which revealed such improvements in the treatment and purification of platinum, would have been impossible a hundred years ago. The shape of the new kilogramme was very little modified, but that chosen for the metre is peculiar: a rod, two centimetres in thickness, not exactly square, but grooved on the four sides, presenting in its section somewhat the shape of the letter X. This form combines with a minimum quantity of material a maximum rigidity. The bar is one metre two centimetres in length—the *metre* being indicated by two fine marks at each end. This metre is called "à traits," differing from that of the Archives, called "à bouts," which measures exactly one metre, no margin being allowed for wear and tear. After the signing of the convention, in 1875, Servia joined in. Hence, if Austria-Hungary, Sweden-Norway are not counted singly, the observatory of weights and measures had to prepare nineteen copies of the new metre and kilogramme. This is the lengthy work just brought to a close, and which formed the object of the Congress mentioned above, when the copies were distributed to each of the adhering nations.

The scientific installation at the Pavillon de Breteuil realizes the last word in the art of precise mechanics. First of all, no better spot could have been chosen as a site for laboratories intended for experiments which the slightest trembling of the soil caused by the rumbling of vehicles would hinder. Here an unbroken stillness reigns. The visitor who has walked up the steep avenue and rings at the gateway closing from the outer bustle this temple dedicated to science, has already lost sight of the fact that he is not more than a few minutes' walk from the Seine and its puffing *bateaux-mouches*. The villa, so tried by the guns pointed from Mont Valérien at the time Breteuil was occupied by a Prussian battery, has been entirely restored, and is now occupied by the resident director, and his assistants, Mr. Benoit (French), Mr. Thiesen (German), together with the half score of attachés who complete the scientific corps. Facing the villa are the laboratories of manipulation and the rooms devoted to the studies of observation. These latter are built with very thick walls, and are lighted by sky-lights so disposed as to prevent the rays of the sun from penetrating; corridors isolate them from the exterior. These dispositions tend to insure as near as possible evenness of temperature, which for certain of the operations is a condition of success.

The works of the Bureau are divided into two sections—that pertaining to the standards of length, the other to the standards of weight. In the former took place all the comparisons of the national standards with their prototype. Each metre had to be studied not only in a normal atmosphere, but also under varied degrees of heat and cold. The *comparator*, intended to compare two metres, *in air*, is essentially composed of two microscopes sealed on heavy piles of monolithic stone mounted on deeply laid masonry. Micrometers like those used with astronomical instruments are attached. Below is the carriage bearing a metallic box with double lining in which are placed the two bars in course of observation. A lid closes the box, to avoid sudden variations of atmosphere, and special glasses disposed on the surface permit the operator to watch the thermometers placed inside. Moreover, an appropriate mechanism enables him, while keeping his eye on the microscope, to raise or lower, to

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displace longitudinally or transversely the bars according to needs. The *comparator* serving to measure dilatations is likewise armed with movable carriage and fixed microscopes and micrometers; only, instead of one box the carriage has two at work. These two boxes stand three feet apart—independent, so to speak—and can be submitted to different temperatures. Thus, to measure the dilatations of a bar of iridized platinum it is placed in one of the boxes, while in the other is placed another bar called *comparative*. This latter is kept in an even temperature; the other is cooled and heated, passed in turn through a series of thermal experiments. It contracts and expands alternately, and its length is compared with the bar of comparison. One of the difficulties of this process of measurement is to preserve an even temperature. This is done by heating the liquid into which the compared staff dips by means of a continued current of hot water passing through the double lining of the tank. The heated water leaves its reservoir at an invariably even degree, and can, through a special process, be kept for hours at about 40° of heat. With this apparatus the difference between two metres can be measured up to a few thousandths of a millimetre, if the marks are traced with sufficient accuracy to stand the considerably magnified power by which they are seen. The *universal comparator* serves to compare all the subdivisions of two metres. It extends up to two metres in capacity, and contains a two metre standard rod divided throughout into centimetres, over which are disposed a couple of movable microscopes. Movable also are the microscopes serving to study the subdivisions of the metre experimented on. A geodetic *comparator*, upon which staffs of four metres can be observed, completes this remarkable collection of instruments, some of which are encased in elegant mahogany fittings.

The geodetic staffs are completely distinct from the standard proper, and have not been the object of any international agreement. Still, several of the staffs belonging to geodetic institutes or geographical services of different countries have been deposited at Breteuil to be finally regulated by the standard metre.

In the section of weights can be found the most perfect set of scales existing in the world. The house of Ruprecht of Vienna constructed the most of them. Upon these scales the errors in operations are brought down to such an infinitesimal quantity that it makes one dizzy to think of it. A kilogramme is weighed to one hundred-millionth part of its value. The operator works at a distance to avoid the influence his near presence might have on the scales, through the atmospheric perturbations. He stands at a d stance of some twelve feet. Having the day before set the required weights in proper position in the glass cage of the instrument, he now, by the aid of an ingenious mechanism, places the weights upon the trays, lifts the clutch that holds them motionless, lets loose the balance frame, and measures its oscillations through the spy-glass. This spy-glass looks on a mirror bearing a subdivided scale; so, while the balance slowly oscillates, the operator follows through his glass the reflected image, notes the successive elongations, and deducts the real point of equilibrium between the two. Without leaving his position, the observer can change the weights from the right tray to the left, and vice-versa.

Now that the chief work at the observatory is completed, the door is not to be closed. Breteuil remains the depository of the new international standards, and its dwellers hold themselves in readiness to furnish further experiments asked of them; the researches of science are endless. LE COCQ DE LAUTREPPE.

GEN. ROCHECHOUART'S MEMOIRS.—II.

PARIS, October 3, 1889.

WE left Rochechouart after his mission to Bernadotte and on the eve of the battle of Leipzig. Rochechouart took such a brilliant part in this engagement that the Emperor Alexander made him a colonel. He entered the city with his new epaulettes. "I shall never forget," he says, "the emotion which I felt in crossing the battle-field and seeing 15,000 corpses in a limited area. You will judge from this of the number of dead and wounded in those two days of slaughter. But for the infamous treason of the troops of Baden, Saxony, and Würtemberg, the victory would have been even more hotly disputed." It is rather amusing to hear Rochechouart speak with so much indignation of the "treason" of the German contingent of the French army. These Germans had become unwillingly a part of the "grande armée"; they left Napoleon as soon as they found a chance. They left him, to be sure, in the very midst of a great battle, and turned their arms against him at the most critical time; but they really owed no allegiance to him. He was in their eyes the enemy of Germany. At any rate, if anybody had a right to blame them, it was not a Frenchman who was fighting a French army and was on the staff of Alexander of Russia.

Alexander met Bernadotte at Leipzig and embraced him. The King of Saxony came to pay homage to the Emperor:

"Bernadotte said: 'Sire, here is the King of Saxony who offers you his respectful homage.' The Emperor Alexander feigned not to hear, and asked: 'Where is the Queen of Saxony?' 'She is at the head of the stairs waiting for your imperial majesty, but here is her august consort who wishes to be presented to you.' 'Let us go and see the Queen.' With such severity did the Emperor Alexander treat this old King, victim of his affection for and devotion to Napoleon—a very laudable devotion, since it lasted to the end, notwithstanding the defection of his troops. I remained stupefied at the if not cruel, at least ungenerous attitude of the Emperor of Russia towards the crowned old man."

Rochechouart, you will observe, had curious notions of his own. It did not strike him that the Emperor of Russia, obliged to wage a difficult and long war against Napoleon, who had invaded his country, had no special reason for showing much interest in his enemy's allies and friends. The King of Saxony was treated as a prisoner of war and sent to Berlin, where he remained till the end of 1814. Prince Talleyrand became his advocate at the Congress of Vienna, and finally he recovered his kingdom.

After the battle of Leipzig, Rochechouart joined his Emperor at Meissingen, where he remained two days. The dowager Duchess had two charming daughters, one who married afterwards the Duke of Clarence (who became William IV.); the other, who married her cousin, Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. The Emperor Alexander went to Frankfort by way of Schweinfurt and Homburg; he remained in Frankfort two months, during which he made a visit to Darmstadt. The Grand Duke was "an original, a kind of bear. As for his son, he is very insignificant. When he was presented to Napoleon, he stood without saying a word. The Emperor, seeing his singular uniform, asked him: 'What is this uniform?' '*Mon réchiment, zire*' (with the German accent). 'Ah! and how many men has your regiment?' '*Che sais pas.*' 'Who is this great fool?' said Napoleon, turning to the person who accompanied him." These were the words of the Emperor Alexander to Rochechouart when he sent him to Darmstadt to announce his visit, not as a sovereign but as a relative. The Grand Duchess was Alexander's sister-in-law.

The Russian headquarters crossed the Rhine at Bâle on the 3d of January, 1814; on the 26th of January Rochechouart was at Langres, where he heard the news of the death of his brother Louis, who had been killed in the battle of Brienne, near Bas-sur-Aube. He fell in the night on a French vanguard, who fired and screamed, "The Cossacks!" Louis Rochechouart was struck by eight balls, and died almost instantly. After they had entered the French territory, Rochechouart and his friend, Colonel Rapatel, who was also in the Russian ranks, spoke often of the reëstablishment of the Bourbons, and at Langres they saw several Frenchmen who had come from Paris—Comte Alexis de Noailles, Comte de Wall, Comte de Virieu, the Marquis of Quinsonnas. They drew up a sort of a memoir on the subject of the restoration, which Rochechouart presented to the Emperor Alexander at Langres. The Emperor said: "I approve of you and understand you, but we are not yet so sure of success that we can come to a decision. Wait till the next battle, which cannot be long postponed. You cannot doubt my interest in the august family of your ancient kings, but I can do nothing without my allies. Meanwhile, let the French declare themselves. If they do, many difficulties will be lessened."

Letters were sent to King Louis XVIII. in England and to his brothers. The Comte d'Artois was already in France, having entered by way of Bâle. Soon after the battle of Brienne a congress took place at Châtillon-sur-Seine, with a view to negotiating for peace. The allied sovereigns had not yet decided to dethrone Napoleon, and they continued to give him the title of Emperor. One moment it was thought that peace would be signed at Châtillon:

"A few of us friends were together—Rapatel, Armand and Jules de Polignac, Alexis de Noailles, and myself. Pozzo [the Corsican Pozzo di Borgo, a great enemy of Napoleon] came to announce to us the signing of the treaty; but, suddenly getting up and striking the table with his fist, he said, with his Italian animation: 'No, all is not ended; the Corsican has not signed!' This epithet of Corsican, thrown out thus suddenly, seemed to us very comical, especially as coming from another Corsican."

Pozzo was right. Napoleon refused at the last moment to accept the conditions of the allies; he was blind and rushed to his fate. The Emperor Alexander thus far had allowed Prince Schwarzenberg to conduct all the operations; he was tired of his delays, and took himself the command of his army of 300,000 men. He met and fought Napoleon at Arcis-sur-Aube. Napoleon suffered great losses, and conceived the bold idea of throwing himself on the communications of the allies. His manœuvres have been much admired. He separated for a moment the Emperor of Austria from his allies, but this separation was of no use to him, but the contrary, as it deprived Napoleon at the critical moment of the protection of his father-in-law and of Metternich.

Napoleon was given up to the Russians and to the Prussians, who were more hostile to him than Austria. Alexander was determined to push directly on Paris. He felt that the solution was in the French capital. He was not mistaken.

"The Emperor Alexander arrived in the Buttes Chaumont, at two o'clock in the afternoon; there he contemplated Paris. One heard

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towards Montmartre and Vincennes a terrible fire of musketry and the continual reports of a formidable artillery. The Emperor left his horse so as to enjoy better the magnificent spectacle under his eye. He asked me to name for him the principal monuments. After a while his handsome face became thoughtful; he asked no more questions; he was absorbed in a profound meditation. What were his thoughts? God knows; he seemed to hear neither the guns, nor the musketry, nor the hum of the great city which lay before us."

He was interrupted by a bearer of proposals sent by Count Nesselrode; an immediate suspension of hostilities was decided on; Alexander ordered that no Russian soldier should enter Paris for the present, and that the firing should cease. Rochechouart had to carry the order. He put a white handkerchief at the end of his sword, and succeeded all alone in reaching Count Langeron, at Montmartre, who had already occupied the barrières Rochechouart, des Martyrs, Blanche, and Clichy. A few days afterwards the Emperor gave Rochechouart one of his orders, with the mention, "In recompense of his behavior at the battle before Paris on the 18th of March, 1814."

The first evening which Rochechouart spent in Paris was spent in a small inn at Belleville.

"We were," he says, "numerous and all French. Gen. Comte de Lambert, whose division occupied Belleville, Gen. Comte de Damas, who commanded the brigade of grenadiers of the guards, which had taken Montreuil, and my four companions [Armand de Polignac, Montpazal, Rapatel, and Boutot]. The garçon, much astonished to hear us all speak French during our supper, without uttering a word of Russian, could not conceal his surprise, and, folding his arms, said to us: 'Ah ça! for Cossacks, you don't speak French badly.'"

The next day Alexander appointed Rochechouart *Commandant de place* of Paris and Gen. Sacken Governor. Rochechouart, by order of the Emperor, with three battalions of Russian guards and two guns, took possession of the Hôtel de Ville of the Élysée, and made all the arrangements with the Prefect of the Seine for the location of the Russian troops. The Prefect was M. de Chabrol. Rochechouart himself, with his staff, took the hôtel of the Place Vendôme, where the *Commandant de place* of Paris has always resided and resides at the present moment. A great review of the allied armies took place on the Place Louis XV., now called Place de la Concorde. The exhibition of these enormous forces contributed to keep Paris completely quiet, and produced a great impression on the Parisians. The word of Tacitus is always true: "Viso milite quies." Napoleon soon afterwards signed his abdication at Fontainebleau, and took the road to the island of Elba, protected on his way by officers of the allied army.

The nomination of a Frenchman as *Commandant de place* in Paris was an act of courtesy on the part of the Emperor Alexander, who wished to prove that he was animated by the most conciliatory spirit. Rochechouart's mission was not an easy one: he had to organize a military police to patrol the capital, to maintain order in a city occupied by thousands of foreign troops belonging to various nationalities. He has been blamed for taking the statue of Napoleon down from the Vendôme Column, but he had no initiative in this respect; the order was really given by the Prefecture of Police, and signed with the name of Baron (who afterwards became Chancellor) Pasquier. The statue was melted and the bronze was employed for the new equestrian statue of Henri IV., now on the Pont Neuf (the old statue of Henri IV. had disappeared during the Revolution).

After the return of Louis XVIII., Rochechouart left the service of Russia. The Comte d'Artois promised to have him admitted into the French service with the rank of *maréchal de camp* (equivalent to the present grade of brigadier). Rochechouart confesses in his memoirs that he behaved in this matter with too much levity. After all that Alexander had done for him, he ought to have asked his permission, which certainly Alexander would have given; he contented himself with sending his resignation in writing, by the hands of Gen. Sacken. He did not even offer to accompany Alexander back to the frontiers of his empire. He says candidly that it seemed "too hard for him to leave again his country, where he had found such an agreeable existence." Sacken gave the letter of resignation to the Emperor, and two days afterwards said to him: "The Emperor is not pleased with you; he dismisses you with the grade of honorary general-major, but will not see you to receive your adieux." Alexander was perfectly right, and showed his usual kindness as much as his dignity.

The readers of these curious memoirs will find in the latter parts many interesting details on the Hundred Days, on the flight of the King to Ghent, on the second Restoration of 1815. The most dramatic pages are those which Rochechouart wrote on the execution of Marshal Ney, as he was the person charged with all the details of the execution. It must be said to his credit that he writes with much humane feeling about this terrible event. Rochechouart had honest instincts, but a narrow mind; his mediocrity gives, perhaps, all the more value to his testimony; he says very plainly all he has to say. We do not doubt that his memoirs will take rank among the documents concerning the Empire and the Restoration. After 1815 his life became very uneventful; he died on February 28, 1858, at his château at Jumilhac.

Correspondence.

REFLECTIONS AFTER A TOUR OF RESEARCH IN VIRGINIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During some recent visits to Virginia I have heard curious instances of callous conscience among people of literary appreciation and above want. The venerable Dr. Slaughter, historiographer of the diocese of Virginia, lost invaluable MSS. and volumes during the war. Afterwards a friend of his, visiting a fashionable lady in Philadelphia, was shown several of the rare books, the historiographer's name in them being proudly pointed out as enhancing their value. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page received a letter from the West informing him that the Nelson and Page family papers were in possession of the writer of the letter, who proposed, if the family did not purchase them, to utilize them in magazine articles. During the war the Will Book of 1743 disappeared from King George County Office (Va.), and a letter was afterwards received from New York saying that the volume would be restored if a certain amount were paid. The Board of Supervisors did not feel warranted in making the appropriation, but why they did not have the holder of the book arrested I do not know. There is little doubt that the law would reach the receivers of the Nelson papers and of the King George records. But such offers came soon after the war, when the Southern people had a morbid impression that they could gain no redress in Northern courts for injuries incident to the struggle they had brought on.

It is probable that in a majority of cases articles of this description were carried off without dishonest intent. Two years ago Dr. Loring of Salem wrote me that an humble neighbor had shown him an old land record, certain entries in which caused him to inform me of it. By this means a valuable volume, covering landed transactions in Stafford County, Va., for two years, was restored and litigation possibly prevented. The Clerk of Stafford informs me that another volume had also been returned. I regret to say, however, that there has been no return as yet of the papers abstracted from Virginia which are of especial importance to historians.

By the loss of the King George Will Book of 1743, containing the record of the will of Washington's father, the substance of that document becomes irrecoverable. The original has been stolen, the record stolen (the volume for 1744 was left), and no copy seems to exist. What Augustine Washington bequeathed to his son George is now among the unknowable things. But that is less heavy than the removal of both the original and the record of the will of Col. John Washington from Westmoreland Court-house. I have just searched for it there myself, and the clerk has continued the search, but without result. An invaluable document seems to be hopelessly lost. There is, indeed, a bare possibility that the search has been in the wrong region. Bishop Meade does, indeed, say that the will is in Westmoreland Court-house, but he does not imply that he saw it there, mentioning that he got it by aid of a friend. Now, the Rev. Dr. E. C. McGuire, writing in 1836, says that the will in question was then at Mount Vernon, with the endorsement, "The Will of Lieutenant-Colonel Washington." Dr. McGuire married a daughter of Robert Lewis, Washington's nephew and private secretary, and his statement is of sufficient weight to cause the heirs of Judge Bushrod Washington, who inherited Mount Vernon, and the Vice-Regents of Mount Vernon to institute a general search. For even if the document referred to was a copy of the will, it would be of high value in directing rightly the researches now employing Mr. Whitmore, Mr. Waters, and others.

Bishop Meade, supposing the will would always remain for inspection, preserved little more than its pious preface. He almost ingeniously omits mentioning the locality of the "large property in England" therein devised. He does not describe the seal. Fortunately, this seal has been preserved on another document—preserved under protection of another name not understanded of the autograph annexer—and I shall soon publish it in facsimile. But all light on the problem of Washington's genealogy must remain uncertain, unless the will of Washington's great-grandfather can be discovered. To some this may appear a small object to pursue; but it reaches far beyond any question of individual descent and into regions of serious history. For instance, there has been discovered by Mr. Alexander Brown of Nelson County, Virginia, the indictment, in Bermuda, 1648, of one "George Washington" for calling the King a rogue. It would be very interesting to know who that rebellious George of the early seventeenth century was, and whether he found his way to Virginia. History, Emerson tells us, is the history of a few good heads; and, since Sir Francis Galton's work on 'Hereditary Genius,' genealogy has a scientific as well as historical dignity. In this direction the autograph collector seems to possess views in advance of the average Congressional mind.

Grievous are the difficulties encountered by the student of American history through want of a bureau for the preservation, classification, and indexing of historical manuscripts and

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documents. In writing the life of our first Attorney-General and second Secretary of State, I had to gather his fragments, so to say, from six different States—as widely separate as Massachusetts, Virginia, Pennsylvania, California, Kentucky, and Maryland. Had I been writing of an English or French statesman of equal eminence, I should not have had to leave London or Paris. All who have engaged in researches of this kind know of invaluable papers, resources of our national history, now mouldering in old trunks, scattered, or bought up in Europe, and lost to this nation. Senator Evarts, on certain statements of this kind made to him, urged on the Joint Library Committee of Congress the formation of such a bureau. There was printed a forcible report written by our excellent Librarian of Congress, and I am informed that the Committee unanimously agreed to recommend the scheme. It is to be hoped that another session will not pass without Congressional action on this urgent matter. It would cost but a trifle, and the advantages would be incalculably large. Historians and collectors would have a place to which their manuscripts might be bequeathed, with the certainty that they would be put to the best use. The collections now owned by the nation, but hardly available for research—such as that of Peter Force—would become of double value. If it be objected that a nation ought not to do anything merely magnanimous, or simply for culture, it may be considered that a moderate fee for copies would make such an institution a source of revenue.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CUSTOMS-UNION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article in the *Nation* of October 3, "European Opinions on the Pan-American Congress," has reminded me of a communication of mine to a leading German journal in St. Louis on the same subject under date of April 8, 1889, a translation of part of which may perhaps not prove quite uninteresting to the readers of the *Nation:*

"The late Richard W. Townshend of Illinois, who was the prime mover in the convocation of the Congress soon to meet, was an intimate friend of mine. When, two years ago, he submitted his plan for a Congress of all the States of this continent for the purpose of forming a union as regards customs, commerce, coinage, standard measure, arbitration, etc., to the House of Representatives, he sent me his resolutions and speeches on the subject, and asked my opinion upon it, remarking that his plan was principally built upon the German Customs-Union, and that he should feel much obliged to me if I would communicate to him some details of its origin and development.

"I gave him briefly a history of this Customs-Union, but called his attention to the articles on this subject in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and in Lalor's 'Cyclopædia of Political Science in the U. S.' My judgment of his plan was, however, not favorable. Beautiful and grand in theory, it would in my opinion be, I remarked, wholly incapable of being realized. The German Customs-Union, I observed to him, was the very slowly ripened fruit of nearly two generations. Infinite difficulties had to be conquered before it could expand to a certain importance. In fact, Germany had only reached unity of weights and measures and coinage, common patent laws and laws for the protection of literary property, after a bloody civil war (1866) and the great Franco-German war (1871); and after the establishment of the new Empire. A perfect Customs-Union was even at present not attained, since Hamburg and Bremen were yet out of it. (Both cities have entered it only during the present year.) And these difficulties had arisen among a people of the same race, the same language, and the same manners and customs. But what obstructions would have to be overcome between States like our own Union and countries the population of which consisted of the descendants of Spaniards and Portuguese, of creoles and pure Indians!

"What, however, would certainly make his plan a failure, was our high tariff, even if the Democrats should succeed in lowering it somewhat. Central and South America were principally countries producing raw materials, and would buy manufactured goods only in countries which would receive their products free, or under a moderate tariff. The Republican party could not surrender its protective tariff, for, without the support of the rich manufacturers and monopolists, it would soon perish. Besides, there existed, particularly in the South American republics, commercial treaties with England, Germany, and France, beneficial to all parties, which could only be abolished after the lapse of years, even if there was a disposition to set them aside.

"Townshend, in a continued correspondence, admitted in a great degree the force of my objections, but still thought that it would be worth while to make an attempt. Last fall, in a conversation with him on this subject, I called his attention to another matter. Even if a customs-union, I said, for this continent could be agreed upon by a treaty, it could not be carried out successfully under existing circumstances. It would require the enactment of a great number of rules and regulations, the execution of which could only be intrusted to an experienced, well-trained, and conscientious corps of officers, such as was by general consent to be found in Germany. Such a corps could hardly be found even in our own country, owing to the constant change of officers and the influence of politicians; but would it be possible to find such officers in Chili, Peru, the United States of Colombia, in Paraguay, Uruguay, the Argentine Republic? Townshend was somewhat surprised, and replied that he had not thought of that; that it seemed to present some difficulty.

"There is, in my opinion, a solution of this last problem, which, however, I did not communicate to Townshend, which would give to his idea an immense popularity—that is, to have a stipulation in the treaty that all offices in the administration of the Customs-Union should be filled everywhere with citizens of the United States, or with Irishmen who have taken out their first naturalization papers." G. K.

BELLEVILLE, ILL., October 14, 1889.

CHAUTAUQUA TEXT-BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I believe the points in "Marcel's" criticism of Chautauqua methods well taken, and do especially agree with his statement that the Chautauqua method is the study of *books*, not the study of *subjects*.

There have lately come to my notice the "tailor-made" Chautauqua text-books in Physics and Chemistry. That an intelligent conception of the study of chemistry or physics can be obtained from the rapid perusal of these books is evidently impossible. And not alone in physics, as used in its limited sense in this text-book, but in none of the physical sciences, can the Chautauqua methods do else than give misty and even false notions of these studies. One can read Xenophon in the parlor as well, possibly, as in the class-room; or one can discuss the abstruse questions of political economy with his *confrères* or *conscœurs*—as the case may be—in the enchanted "Circle" as well, perhaps, as when seated about the round table at the political-science seminary; but one can never smell H_2S in the parlor—unless, mayhap, the base-burner is in need of better draught, and then the Chautauqua scientist recognizes only a vile odor; nor can one determine the modulus of iron's elasticity by considering, at whatever length, a printed list of "queries."

The absurdity of Chautauqua science, to my mind, appeals so strongly to a believer in true scientific study, that, from his rather narrow standpoint, all else emanating from such a fountain of error and ludicrousness must seem as valueless. A little knowledge is indeed a dangerous thing, but when that little knowledge is grossly incorrect, if such a paradox can be, it is rendered doubly dangerous. Science demands the laboratory and study of the *subject* in hand, not the parlor table and the study of a prescribed *book*.

VERNON L. KELLOGG.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, October 13, 1889.

THE MULTIPLICATION OF OATHS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was to the scandal of the clergy in an age of corruption that oaths were multiplied throughout Europe by the very class whose especial duty it was to have discouraged their use, namely, the priests. As a religious test, an oath was brought within the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts, and, being exacted on the most ordinary occasions, became a source of great revenue to the Church. As was aptly said by an historian of the time, the command of our Lord, "Swear not at all," seemed to have been transformed by worldly lawgivers into "Swear on all occasions. Omit no opportunity of insisting upon an oath." While at an earlier period the followers of Christ had faithfully obeyed the precept of their master, refusing to swear, and even suffering martyrdom rather than transgress, the time had come when, from motives of avarice, their own teachers persuaded them that this injunction was not to be literally interpreted.

It is to the credit of the English Government that many superfluous oaths which were formerly required in that country have lately been abolished. It is also to the credit of some of our own people that an effort to that end was made under the late Administration. In the tariff bill proposed by the Democratic Committee of Congress in February, 1888, it was provided (sec. 12), "That all fees exacted and oaths administered by officers of the customs under or by virtue of existing laws of the United States, upon the entry of imported goods and the passing thereof through the customs, and also upon all entries of domestic goods, wares, and merchandise for exportation, be, and the same are, hereby abolished; and in case of entry of merchandise for exportation, a declaration, in lieu of an oath, shall be filed in such form and under such regulations as may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury."

Judging from the article entitled "A Crop of Oaths" in your No. 1261, the "party of moral ideas" (and, strange to say, there are some good people who still claim this title for it) appears to be going in the opposite direction, and following the example of the degenerate fathers above referred to. M.

LOCKRAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to ask through your columns the origin of the use of the word *lockram* or *lockrum*, as meaning a long, rambling, *incredible* story? Using it in that sense the other day—in the company of several cultivated persons—I found myself called to account. No one of them had ever heard it. It was in very common use when I was a young girl, and I did not suppose it had become obsolete.

Webster says that *lockram* is a sort of coarse linen made in Locronan, in Bretagne, and took its name from the town in which it was manufactured. In "Coriolanus," act ii, scene 2, *Brutus* says, speaking of *Coriolanus:*

> "The kitchen malkin pins
> Her richest *lockram* 'bout her reechy neck,
> Clambering the walls to eye him."

It is evident that in this case *lockram* does

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not mean coarse linen, but some showy gaud—perhaps a ribbon; and these two references are all I can find. I should be glad of further information.—Yours, very truly,

CAROLINE H. DALL.

WASHINGTON, October 16, 1889.

Notes.

MR. GORDON L. FORD of Brooklyn has in press a number of interesting unpublished agreements between Washington and his overseers and workmen, throwing much light upon the management of his estates as well as on the "labor question" of colonial Virginia. The agreements are copied from the originals in Washington's writing, and all date before the Revolution. In this volume will also be included a correspondence that Washington had in 1774 with a number of merchants and others concerning a scheme he entertained of importing German Palatines to settle upon his Western lands, and one of Washington's advertisements for runaway servants. Very little of this material has been published heretofore, and 'Washington as an Employer and Importer of Labor' will present a new phase of his character. The edition will be limited to 500 copies.

The 'Salon of Paris' for 1889 will be shortly issued through J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway. Like its predecessors, it will illustrate the principal works by the photogravure process, one hundred plates being promised in various colors, and the majority of them full-page. The Holland-paper edition will be limited.

J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press 'Foods for the Fat: A Treatise on Corpulency, and a Dietary for its Cure,' by Nathaniel Edward Davies; Pierre Paris's 'Manual of Ancient Sculpture,' and M. Collignon's 'Manual of Mythology,' edited by Jane E. Harrison; 'The Maid of Orleans,' by W. H. Davenport Adams; 'Crime: Its Nature, Causes, Treatment, and Prevention,' by Sanford M. Green; and 'With Gauge & Swallow, Attorneys,' by Albion W. Tourgée.

A handsome illustrated edition of R. D. Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor,' is about to be published by Burrows Bros. Co., Cleveland, O.

Harper & Bros. have nearly ready 'Cathedrals and Abbeys in Great Britain and Ireland,' the text by Richard Wheatley, D.D., the illustrations forty or more in number; 'London: A Pilgrimage,' text by Blanchard Jerrold, with Doré's designs; 'Thomas Nast's Christmas Drawings for the Human Race'; 'The Odd Number,' translations by Jonathan Sturges; and Constance Fenimore Woolson's 'Jupiter Lights.'

Fresh announcements of Charles Scribner's Sons are a reprint in book form of the late Prof. Alexander Johnston's article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' on 'The United States: Its History and Constitution'; 'Among Cannibals: Four Years' Travels in Australia, and Descriptions of Camp Life with the Aborigines of Queensland,' by Carl Lumholtz; 'Strange True Stories of Louisiana,' by George W. Cable; 'Sforza: A Story of Milan,' by W. W. Astor; and 'Biblical History,' Prof. C. A. Briggs's much-debated address before the Union Theological Seminary last month.

A facsimile of the first edition of John Bunyan's 'Country Rhymes,' recently acquired by the British Museum, is to be published by A. C. Armstrong & Son conjointly with Elliot Stock, London. The Rev. John Brown of Bedford furnishes an introduction giving the history of this little volume.

White & Allen announce 'Folk-Lore and Legends of Various Nations'; 'The Sleeping Beauty,' illustrated by Geo. W. Brenneman; and 'Off the Weather-bow on Life's Voyage,' by Miss E. N. Little.

Two well-known series will be continued in 'Three Vassar Girls in Russia and Turkey,' by Elizabeth W. Champney, and 'Zigzag Journeys in the British Isles,' by Hezekiah Butterworth, of which Estes & Lauriat are the publishers.

D. C. Heath & Co. issue directly Hoffmann's 'Tales from History,' and Freytag's 'Aus dem Staat Friederichs des Grossen.'

T. Fisher Unwin's list for the present season embraces 'The English Novel in the Time of Shakspere,' by J. J. Jusserand; 'God in Shakspere,' by Clelia; Ibsen's 'A Doll's House,' with portrait and photographs, and 'The Lady from the Sea,' translated by Eleanor Marx; 'A London Plane-Tree, and Other Poems,' by the late Miss Amy Levy; Sir William Jones's 'Sakuntala, or the Fatal Ring,' edited by Prof. Rhys-Davids; 'The Barbary Corsairs,' by Stanley Lane-Poole; 'The Butterfly: its Nature, Development, and Attributes,' by John Stuttard; 'Edward Thring, Teacher and Poet,' by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley; and 'The Diary of the Parnell Commission,' revised upon the *Daily News* by John Macdonald.

Other English announcements are a complete edition of Gay's 'Fables,' by W. H. Wright, with many illustrations and notes, and a biography; 'The Literary Remains of Albrecht Dürer,' edited by Prof. W. M. Conway, and published by the Cambridge University Press; and still another life of Edward Thring, by the Rev. J. H. Skrine. We had supposed the authorized biography of this lamented teacher to have been committed to a Canadian friend.

There are few more sombre and impressive books relating to Ireland than the illustrated two-volume edition of Carleton's 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' published in 1843. The country has changed much for the better since those days. What was then a true picture of the condition of the Irish peasantry is not true to-day. Nevertheless, Mr. Walter Scott has exercised a wise discretion in adding to his "Camelot Series" a volume of 'Stories from Carleton.' Carleton's reputation suffered in his later works more than that of most authors who have written themselves out. But there is in his stories the impress of truth and genius, and we have here some of the best of them. No one is likely to shake off the impression left by a perusal of them. Mr. Yeats's preface is a worthy introduction to the book.

Well-appointed helps for the study of English literature multiply with great rapidity. The most elaborate of a group now on our table is 'Burns's Selected Poems,' edited for the Clarendon Press Series (Macmillan) by J. Logie Robertson. It is divided into Songs and Poems, and has been kept free of offence by exclusion and by a slight expurgation of what is admitted. A biographical introduction, a chronology, notes, and a full glossary, and a very careful and tasteful typography, make this edition worthy to be prized. Of Wordsworth one has his choice between the 'Selections' made by A. J. George (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.) and the 'Select Poems,' edited by W. J. Rolfe in the familiar series of the Messrs. Harper. Mr. George follows the poet's last revision, and he observes the chronological arrangement (plainly marked in the table of contents). The sonnets are massed by themselves, as are the notes, which are truly useful. Mr. Rolfe's system is also chronological, but he occasionally appeals in the text from the later to the earlier Wordsworth, as in the case of the "Laodamia," and he distributes the sonnets. The Boston edition has the better print. The editor of Scott's 'Marmion' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan), Mr. Thomas Bayne, acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Rolfe's collation of this poem. His print is excellent, and his notes copious and scholarly. Shakspere's 'Othello' and 'Cymbeline,' both edited by K. Deighton and published by Macmillan, are of the series intended for use in the schools of India, and consequently go to an extreme in explication. Prof. Homer B. Sprague has made an unlovely book of 'Macbeth' (Chicago: S. R. Winchell & Co.). The introduction and the notes are largely eclectic. There is an index of words, phrases, and topics.

After some wanderings, Miss Anne Ayres's 'Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D.,' reaches a fourth edition and takes the imprint of Thomas Whittaker. Some changes have been made which the author hopes will be final.

The newest volume in the '*Gentleman's Magazine* Library,' edited by Mr. George Laurence Gomme (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is devoted to a collection of bibliographical notes—on special books, often very ancient, and on special subjects, with a sample of what old almanacs have of amusement and instruction for the student of popular manners and beliefs. The volume is well fitted for deliberate browsing.

It is not many weeks since Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun' was the subject of a long communication directed to a comparison of this romance with its sources in the author's diaries. We have now before us an exquisite edition of the same work, in which the text is supplemented by abundant and uncommonly fine illustrations from nature or the real object (mostly), in photogravure (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The statues, the paintings, the churches, the classic ruins, the catacombs, etc., etc., referred to in the text are shown to the life in thickly set plates. The entire apparel of the two volumes is worthy of the best productions of the Riverside Press. A scarlet guard to the delicate binding of the covers is reinforced by a scarlet case. Altogether, the edition is sure of a sale at this season and at any season.

Except that there are no illustrations, the two dainty volumes of Dr. Holmes's 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' just issued by the same house would deserve the same praise as the foregoing. The covers are here a smooth, dark green in the best of taste. The size of the volumes is well calculated for the hand. A somewhat tall and narrow page is built up in clear type with broad margins.

T. & W. Johnson & Co., Philadelphia, have begun this month the publication of a *Law Student's Monthly*, "a periodical containing prize essays from the various law schools." No. 1 leads off with "The Law Relating to Mercantile Agencies," by Joseph W. Errant of the Chicago bar.

The actual predominates over the ideal in the newest issue, No. 13, of *Sun and Shade* (New York: Photo-Gravure Co.). A copy of Cabanel's portrait of Miss Catharine Lorillard Wolfe; a portrait from life of Henry George, with one of Lieut. Zalinski surrounded by vignettes of his dynamite gun; a beach scene, "Cockle-Gathering"; a charming group of palmettos on the Gulf Coast; the portal of a well-known Broadway office-building; "The Varnish Maker"; and an Italian fancy picture, "Gossip at the Well," make up an unusually varied and attractive number.

The sixteenth part of the new 'Stieler's Hand-Atlas' (Gotha: Justus Perthes; New

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York: Westermann) reaches the United States with a sheet which takes in the region west of Lake Michigan as far as Montana and Wyoming. What is noticeable is that the two Dakotas are indicated. Indian reservations are in red. The minor names of places produce a dizzying effect from their parallelism and fineness of letter; but more could hardly be expected from the scale.

De Portefeuille, a politico-literary journal published weekly at Amsterdam, with here and there an illustration, has, with the number for October 5, very much enlarged its form, with some loss, to be sure, in handiness. It is attached to the fortunes of the Liberal party in Holland.

We have received a letter from Dr. Dörpfeld, Director of the German Archæological Institute at Athens, in reply to Mr. W. J. Stillman's article on "Prehistoric Chronology" in No. 1250 of the *Nation*. Dr. Dörpfeld denies in detail some of the statements there made with regard to the ruins of ancient buildings at Mycenae and Tiryns. We regret that the distance of the disputants, and the time which has elapsed, and the general obscurity of the subject, added to the pressure on our columns, make it impracticable for us to reopen the controversy.

—In the *Publishers' Weekly* for September 28, in a letter on "Authors' Rights," reprinted from the New York *Journal of Commerce*, Mr. W. C. Prime states his views concerning literary property without mincing words. He thinks that the moral principle underlying the whole subject of copyright is so plain that any child educated in an honest family can understand it; and he enunciates the following as "plain principles, which no honest man will dispute":

"The author of a work is, by moral law, as completely the owner of that work as the grower of a bale of cotton or a bag of wool is owner of his produce.

"No manufacturer has the right to take to his own use the cotton, the wool, or the literature, without first consulting the owner and making a contract of purchase with him.

"It is no excuse in any of the cases to say, 'If I don't steal it, some other man will.'

"It is no excuse to say the owner is a foreigner.

"It is no excuse to say, 'I will pay him something if I make money in my business out of his goods.'"

Concerning the relations of publishers with authors, Mr. Prime contends that "when a publisher proposes to himself or to an author to give the author a share of the profits of his book, he admits that the author has a property in his book"; and "if a publisher, or any man, takes and sells for his own profit in his business that which he admits is the property of another man, without first obtaining the owner's consent, he violates the moral law and is not doing an upright business."

— In the same number, in an account of the failure of the Chicago publishers, Belford, Clarke & Co., we get a curious illustration of the "if I don't steal it, some other man will" justification of literary piracy. Mr. Belford ascribes the misfortunes of the firm "mainly to the non-existence of an international copyright law," explaining that "when the system of piracy came into vogue, we, like other houses, had to adopt it in sheer self-defence; but the publication of English works has increased a hundred-fold, and the result has been that if we reprinted a work from the other side, fifty other houses were doing the same thing with the same work, and no one but the printer and binder reaped a cent of profit." An examination of their catalogue, on the contrary, would lead one to believe that an international copyright law would have served the good purpose of preventing this concern from coming into existence at all, for nearly their entire list of publications consists of works which they were able to appropriate because there were no *legal* barriers to prevent it, and their final collapse seems very like an instance of poetic justice.

— It has for some time been thought not unlikely that Shakspere's dark beauty, the "woman colour'd ill" of the Sonnets, might prove to be Mary Fitton, daughter of Sir Edward Fitton, and one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor. According to this theory, it was Shakspere whom Mary Fitton threw over for William Herbert, by whom she had a child, the birth of which was the occasion of Herbert's imprisonment in the Fleet. Mr. Thomas Tyler and the Rev. W. A. Harrison have been following up this line of research, and several pieces of evidence that they have discovered have been made known in print. The *Academy* of October 5 contains the last. While many facts have pointed to Mary Fitton as the dark beauty, it has hitherto been impossible to prove that she was, in fact, dark. No hint at her complexion was to be found. But lately Mr. Tyler, who desired to have a portrait of her for his forthcoming book, bethought him of her effigy upon her father's tomb at Gawsworth, and went down to Cheshire to sketch it. To his great delight, he found that, as was not uncommon in Elizabeth's time, the statues on the tomb were colored. The eyes and hair of Mary Fitton were plainly black, as were those of her sister, Anne, though their brother was fair. It seems strange enough that this piece of evidence should have been sought after for a considerable time before any one hit upon the simple plan of going to look at the tomb. Mr. Tyler's drawing will be of interest to everybody, for no one can be quite without curiosity to see what Shakspere's "evil angel" was like. The *Academy* describes her thus:

"Mary Fitton was a full-faced, bonny woman, with large, speaking eyes, and a loosish mouth, somewhat of the type of Chaucer's 'Wife of Bath,' as men imagine her. Her hair is brushed high off her forehead, and turned over a comb or wire underneath it, while a scarf or kerchief covers the rest of her hair. She wears a ruff. The sculptor has made her flat-chested, and some one has broken off her hands and the tip of her nose."

Mr. Tyler's book will be published by Mr. David Nutt. More than half of it is already in print.

— Mr. F. Legge, discoursing, in the *National Review* for September, on "The Origin of Modern Occultism," develops a fruitful idea touching the wonderful religion of Mme. Blavatsky and her enigmatic followers. This fancy, he contends, is derived, almost in its entirety, from a work by the late Rev. C. W. King, entitled 'The Gnostics and their Remains, Ancient and Mediæval.' By way of demolishing what Mr. Legge has demonstrated with a conclusiveness which few will dispute, the apostolic Col. Olcott has girded up his loins and stepped into the arena. In the issue of the *National Review* for the current month, he contrives to occupy ten pages with a true believer's history of "The Genesis of Theosophy"; and the history is one by which, like a good soldier, he has, beyond gainsay, established his intrepidity, if nothing else. According to the Colonel, the main revealers of the new faith to Mme. Blavatsky are certain far-off "Brothers," patriarchal in longevity, thanks to the efficacy of magic. Not sitting in the seat of the scornful, we leave it to others to suggest that motives of prudence have been at work in representing these "Brothers" as denizens of some secluded region, of whereabouts as yet undisclosed, safe in the bosom of the Himalaya Mountains. Their existence, it appears from the Colonel, was, however, announced somewhat prematurely. "I shall henceforth," he says, "try to abstain from even speaking of them, except to those who are prepared and anxious for the truth." Clearly enough, either they or he have blundered in policy, and likewise in prevision. As one of them travelled through the upper air all the way from Northern India to Col. Olcott's apartments in this city, abstractedly or otherwise leaving his turban behind him on his departure, it may, we should think, be surmised that he would hardly have made so long a journey if he had foreseen that he and his mates were destined to be ignominiously hushed up. Be this as it may, from that time forward, it is observable, the Colonel seems to have complacently washed his hands of his remarkable visitor, though retaining his headgear; inasmuch as, for aught that appears, he did not so much as make inquiries whether the ancient sage caught a catarrh in the course of his weary flight homeward.

—As to the doctrine of the "Brothers," none but the most imperfect and confused notion of it can be collected from what has been published about it by Mme. Blavatsky, Mr. Sinnett, Col. Olcott, or any or all of their nebulous communion. Is it that they are still dazed by the effulgence of the new light that has shone upon them? As every one is aware, the foolish things of the world have been chosen to confound the wise; and hence it is, presumably, that though not one of these illuminates has given proof of anything like even a moderate acquaintance with the Hindu religions and philosophies, they profess to have accepted them and aim to disseminate them. In the whole hierarchy there is, evidently, not a single Oriental scholar. While sprinkling their effusions with East Indian words, it is very rarely that they explain them at all correctly; and it is rather exceptional with them to know their orthography. Sanskrit and the Hindu vernaculars are to them all one. To go no farther, for evidence of what is here asserted, than Col. Olcott's paper now before us, we find in it *chelâs*—not, as he has it, "*chelas*"—spoken of as Sanskrit, though it is Hindî; and he puts "*sanyassis*" with an *n* wanting and an *s* interpolated, to say nothing of his neglect of diacritical marks, etc. Where, too, did he learn that "*mahatmas*"—rightly, *mahâtmâs*—means "perfect adepts," instead of simply "venerable persons"? That Sanskritists have not yet troubled themselves to expose the crudeness, not to say the crass nonsense, that has lately been vented about Brahmanism and Buddhism, is not to be wondered at; and yet the disagreeable task should, in the public interest, be undertaken by some one. To what extent the new-fangled Theosophists are dupes, and to what extent they are conscious impostors and charlatans, we shall, in good time, have opportunity of judging. In the meanwhile there can be no question that their crazy deliverances betray the grossest ignorance, and that these deliverances find acceptance, with minds of a certain cast, chiefly by reason of their extravagance and impudence, let alone their vesture of mysterious jargon. But does Col. Olcott do well in not cultivating friendly relations between his co-disciples and the thaumaturgic "Brothers," saints wrapped in frost and devotion in their Himalayan hermitage? Probably he does at least for the present; since, as we gather from his words quoted above, his tactics are, that introduction to nonentities should be reserved as the beatitude of hopeless gulls or advanced lunatics. Here, for once, we discern,

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in the gallant Colonel's proceedings, something that savours of the wisdom of the serpent.

—For the last four or five years Dr. Maurice Bloomfield, Associate Professor of Sanskrit in the Johns Hopkins University, has been busily at work preparing a critical text-edition of the "Kāuçika Sūtra," a ritual book of the 'Atharva Veda.' This work, undertaken for the American Oriental Society, was completed during the past summer. The typographical part had of course to be done abroad, for there are no Sanskrit types in this country. The printing was, however, not done in free-trade England, for the cheapness of labor in protected Germany operated in favor of the latter country. As the International Congress of Orientalists was to meet in Christiania and Stockholm in September, a half-dozen copies of the work were struck off in Germany, so that it might be presented to the Congress, though the plates are yet to be shipped to this country, and the work will be issued from the press of the American Oriental Society in New Haven. It was most natural that the editor should desire to have in his hands one of these copies, the first fruits, as it were, of his brain-travail for so long a period, and, accordingly, two copies (large volumes of over 500 pages each) were mailed him, one for his own private use and one for the President of the University. The sheets had been merely stitched together, with a paper cover containing the title of the volume and a dedication to the Congress of Orientalists. There was no press-mark, and of course no value could be attached, *for the book is not yet published.* By some occult calculation of values, however, a tax of $1.25 was levied on these volumes by the customs inspector. The editor appealed against this exaction to the powers that be in Washington, and was rewarded for his pains with a cool refusal from Secretary Windom to adjust the matter. While other Governments undertake the cost of publishing learned books which, from the nature of the case, can appeal to but a limited circle of readers, looking to scholastic distinction as a source of national pride, and therein finding their reward, *advance sheets* of the largest work in the Sanskrit field ever undertaken by an American (if we except Prof. Whitney's share in the divided editorship of the 'Atharva Veda') have been held for the payment of customs duties.

—The American Eclipse Expedition to West Africa left New York on the man-of-war *Pensacola* on October 16. Unfortunately, the *Pensacola* cannot carry sufficient coal to steam more than ten or twelve days, even with careful economy on the part of her engineers, which will necessitate sailing for the greater part of the distance. Prof. Todd, who is in charge of the Expedition, had hoped to reach his observing station at least a month before the eclipse takes place; but Capt. Yates, commanding the *Pensacola*, expressed his opinion that St. Paul de Loanda will not be reached before December 1. The eclipse occurs on the 22d of the same month, and the preparations for observing it are very extensive. Several instruments never before used in an eclipse will be employed, and a number of mechanical devices to facilitate the rapid changing of the photographic plates have been newly applied. The apparatus is very valuable and varied, and much of it has been lent by six or eight of our leading Eastern colleges. While the party will land at St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, the eclipse is not total there, and as soon as possible the expedition will proceed to the observing station. From a study of the region, and from private letters received by Prof. Todd from Angola, he thinks the most probable point for establishing his station will be at Muxima, a small trading-post on the Quanza River, about fifty miles from its mouth. A ruined fort nearly eighty feet above the town will afford an advantageous location for the instruments, and a line of small steamers upon the river will convey the party and the apparatus to this point.

— Angola, especially near the coast, is rather dry and arid, although the banks of the Quanza —the only navigable river south of the Congo —are tropically luxuriant in vegetation. Properly Angola includes those possessions of the Portuguese on the west coast which extend from the Congo southward to Cape Frio. Its boundaries in the interior are not well determined, but there are military posts extending perhaps 1,500 miles from the coast. The whole area is estimated at about 312,000 square miles. A plan was once considered to construct a line of forts entirely across the continent to connect Angola with the Portuguese colony of Mozambique in the east, but this has never been accomplished, although the country has been somewhat explored. Angola is subdivided into four districts—Ambriz, Angola proper, Benguela, and Mossamedes—while the authority of the Portuguese is paramount only in Angola itself. Outside they have fortified places, and the native chiefs are in some sense vassals, but not always to be depended upon. The Expedition numbers fifteen specialists, not only in astronomy, physics, and meteorology, but in anthropology, biology, osteology, ornithology, geology, and other branches of science. Among the members of the party generally a cheerful determination to outwit the dreaded African fever was manifested. While it is undoubtedly prevalent, and peculiarly fatal to foreigners in many localities, careful and healthful living mitigates its severity to a considerable degree. All possible courtesies and facilities have been offered by the Portuguese authorities, and very satisfactory results from the observations are anticipated.

A SOUTHERN FIRE-EATER.

Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians. By Reuben Davis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

Our titular characterization of Mr. Davis is not intended to cast upon him an injurious reflection. It merely states a fact. In the course of his narrative Mr. Davis speaks of himself as a representative of the class known as "fire-eaters," and it does not appear that he objects to being so named and known. He has given us a very interesting and valuable book, a memoir that will serve the future historian of ante-bellum times to a remarkable degree, as revealing both a type of character and a state of society that had much significance among the proximate causes of the pro-slavery rebellion. Except its personal aspect, the book contains little that is new or strange. Even such well-known lives as those of Andrew Jackson, Thomas H. Benton, and Henry Clay bring us into the same circle of wild social lawlessness, into acquaintance with similar personal traits. But if we have had before an account of these things from the inside, written with absolute sympathy and complacency, it escapes our present recollection.

The book is very readable. It is written in a fresh and vigorous style, and we may not object to its floridity. This is part of the self-revelation; the style being, as we know, the man. A sentimental strain recurs at least as often as the chapters end. This, in connection with the author's story of his bouts and brawls, suggests

> "the mildest-mannered man
> That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

The naïveté of the story is its greatest charm. We must go to Benvenuto Cellini for an equally unconscious mixture of murder and religion. The author has not a suspicion that he is not a strictly moral and religious man. He passes without violence from the most proper moral and religious generalizations to the most astonishing recitals of his own barbarities, or those of others which he heartily approves. The general type showed in him at its best. He was frank, generous, simple, straightforward, chivalric, honest, quick to sympathize with outraged feebleness or innocence presented to him in a concrete way. In a different order of society one can imagine that he might have been a model citizen.

The absence of dates from his narration is irritating to exasperation, and we must go elsewhere to find the year of Mr. Davis's birth. He was born in 1813 in Tennessee, of Virginian parents, who removed to Alabama when he was five years old. His father was a Baptist minister, who "never doubted that it was his duty to knock down any rascal who happened to deserve such discipline." At sixteen he left home and crossed the near border into Mississippi to study medicine in Hamilton, then the county town of Monroe County. He writes of the Mississippians of that time, that

> "Although a God-fearing people—for infidelity was unknown — there was nothing straight-laced about their religion. . . . Their creed was generally simple: A man ought to fear God and mind his business. He should be respectful and courteous to all women. He should love his friends and hate his enemies. He should eat when he was hungry, drink when he was thirsty, dance when he was merry, vote for the candidate he liked best, and knock down any man who questioned his right to these privileges."

In 1832 he passed from medicine to law, and began its practice at Athens with a young wife, and but three dollars in his pocket. What a passion there was in the community for litigation is shown by the fact that in four years he had saved $20,000. At the spring term of the County Court in 1835 he brought four hundred and eighty suits. Made District Attorney, a frequent source of embarrassment was that in criminal suits the murderer was a personal friend, "for whom he had respect and friendship," and whom he thought "justifiable under the circumstances of the killing." Once, when he had witnessed the murder, his embarrassment was so great that he went into court with $500 in his hand with which he asked the Court to furnish counsel for the prosecution. When another friend, shortly after, killed his man, Davis resigned his office and tendered his services in his defence. He pulled him through. "Since that day," he writes, "I have defended over two hundred cases tried for murder, and never had the misfortune to have my man hung." Could any statement be more expressive of the quality of mercy in the administration of justice? It is very clear it was not strained.

Davis himself had never a doubt of a man's right to defend his person or his "honor" at the risk of another's life. With him it was a word and a blow, and if the blow was not first, it was nearly simultaneous. He could not have been more than seventeen when he had his first personal encounter. There was a question of precedence of claim upon the attention of one of the ladies at a ball:

> "I no sooner withdrew my adversary from the ladies than I challenged him to defend himself, and assaulted him with my pocket-knife. . . . This action I have never regretted,

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holding that a man has a right to defend his honor whenever and by whomsoever assailed. Had I submitted tamely to this insult, my whole future career would have been blighted by it, and I should have lost all claim to the respect and good opinion of my fellow-citizens."

In 1841, or thereabouts, he had a characteristic encounter with Judge Howry, "an able jurist and most accomplished gentleman." Some difference arising on a point of law, the Judge, offended by his pertinacity, fined him fifty dollars, whereupon, "in a perfect blaze of sudden fury," he threw his pocket-knife point foremost at the Judge, to the end that he might order him to jail—for which insult he meant to shoot him down. The court was suddenly adjourned, and Davis and the Judge were dragged off in different directions by their friends. Later in the day they met at their hotel, and Davis asked an explanation, which was refused. Then Davis slapped the Judge's face, and the Judge seized a claw-hammer and gave him three tremendous blows upon the head, while he hacked away blindly at the Judge's throat with his knife, which he had recovered. Again separated, Davis sent the Judge a warning not to appear unarmed, as he would attack him at sight. He, however, concluded not to do so, when reminded of a remarkable dream he had had the night before, which seemed a warning of his death.

"The court met that evening. I had put on a fur cap, with the back part before to conceal my wounds, and the judge wore his overcoat with the collar well drawn up, to hide the tokens of combat on his person. . . . I did not meet Judge Howry for seven years after this affair. . . . I promptly replied [having been approached in a friendly manner] that I thought nothing of the affair; that Howry was a gentleman, and that our difficulty was casual and without malice. Although it had been a death struggle, it had been about almost nothing."

The point of view and the local color come out strongly in the characterizations of Davis's contemporaries, which are very numerous. Davis was very soon "Old Reube," and it is Tom this and Charlie that and Jim or Jack another. "There was Joe Davis, elder brother of our revered ex-President, who was beloved by all who knew him. He was admitted arbiter of every question of honor, and his decision was always final." The mentions of Jefferson Davis are very slight, but always ardently enthusiastic. The impression given is not that which has been general at the North, where Davis has been thought of as the opposite of Lincoln, in his coldness and his inability to make himself an object of wide popular affection. We are told that "there was something about Davis which captivated the imagination and exalted him into a hero, dearer than all others to the popular heart." A very impressive account is given of the inauguration of Davis, following hard on the surrender of Fort Donelson, in which the narrator saw the beginning of the end. "From that day of evil omen he trod firmly and steadily the path that led him to his cell in Fortress Monroe, where, in his dauntless captivity, he was crowned with the passionate love and reverence of millions who had followed him to ruin and defeat."

In the description of his friends, our author's preliminary adjectives of copious praise are often in amusing contrast with the particulars that afterwards appear. He regrets how little the real character of Col. McClung, Jefferson Davis's Lieutenant-Colonel in the Mexican war, has been understood, and then he pictures him eating his solitary lunch at a restaurant, with a large duelling pistol on either side of his plate, a bottle of wine and a bowie-knife between them, in which attitude, and with a corresponding temper, he encountered him with two friends, and barely brought them off alive. Early in the war Breckinridge was often at Davis's headquarters at Bowling Green. "He was a goodly sight, sitting on stool or table, with a glass of old shuck in his hand, and that grand voice vibrating through the tent like a deep-toned bell."

There is some general praise of temperance, but it is evident that none of Mr. Davis's recollections make him happier than those of the five gallons of mint-julep at one sitting, and of many a night when he and others drank together till the morning broke. "What nights those were! How brave and generous, how gay and jovial; what wit and humor sparkled with the wine!" A drunkard's grave was the end of many a brilliant fellow. There is one lively picture of the Mississippi Legislature, in a body, gloriously drunk, parading the streets of the capital in the small hours of the morning, singing a jolly song. The hospitality was boundless as the drink. When Davis was in Congress, he invited the whole county to a party at his house. He spent as easily as he earned. He was always going security for a friend, until he reckoned that he had lost $75,000 by this genial disposition.

In the Mexican War he received a colonelcy, but he speaks with bitterness of that experience. It "broke his life in two," and he dates from it the misfortunes of his subsequent career, which consisted, so far as he reports, of political disappointments occasioned by the enmities which originated with his brief command. He had had no military training; his regiment was reduced by almost constant sickness and never got a chance to fight. And so it happened that where Jefferson Davis got much glory, he got only curses for his pains. After many disappointments he was finally elected to the National Legislature, and took his seat in the Thirty-fifth Congress in December, 1857. He had no definite convictions, but he went with the tide, and this was setting strongly towards secession. Quitman said to him at once: "You must move up, Davis, or you will be left behind." He answered: "No, not left behind, because wherever Mississippi goes she takes me with her." After that, he tells us, he kept pace with the rest, but he had the frankness to say, everywhere, that war was in sight.

The policy of the leaders was to decry the chance of war, partly because they thought secession could be accomplished without a fight, and partly because they thought secession without war would be more popular. The impression is very strong, in general, that the popular feeling had to be much forced and juggled with in order to bring it into line with the wishes of the chief conspirators. Mr. Davis's account of his two Congressional terms, and the course of secession and the war, is much too brief. He characterizes few of the men he met in Washington, but his account of Giddings is one of the most elaborate in his book, and is, despite its misconception and misrepresentation, a fine tribute to the "noblest Roman of them all":

"I never saw a more remarkable man, nor one who was inspired by a spirit of more concentrated bitterness. He was very old and infirm, but his hatred for the South and for slavery glowed like the hot fire of youth in his veins, and seemed potent enough to vivify with new energies his exhausted frame. The hoarded hate of a lifetime gleamed in his sunken eyes, and gave ferocity to a voice that was like the growl of a tiger about to spring upon his prey. I used to watch him with the sort of fascinated interest which the display of strong and sustained passion is sure to create, and I remember how the alertness of his attitude and the suppressed passion of his face used to suggest to me the idea of some fierce creature crouching for a spring. To this day I believe that it would have given him pleasure to behold the South desolated with the sword and with famine and with pestilence until neither man, woman, nor child remained. He had poured out so much tenderness upon the slaves that there was not a drop of pity in his heart for even the innocent babes of the slaveholders. Owing to the infirmities of his great age, he could not make a long speech without bringing on convulsions, but he was always in his place, suggesting and planning every movement and the soul of every aggressive measure. Instead of moderating the stormy passions of the younger men, the glare of his furious eyes woke up responsive fires in both friend and foe."

He contrasts Tom Corwin with Giddings, greatly to the latter's disadvantage. Corwin is "that good man." "He would gladly have saved the Union and averted war by any possible concession." In 1859, when there was a long fight over the Speakership, Davis spoke four hours in the fiercest manner of his set to kill time—a device necessary for the defeat of Sherman. Corwin replied to him in such a way that many a time afterwards his words came back to him like a prophecy, "especially in the dark days when defeat followed defeat and destruction was upon us."

Davis's part was henceforth a leading one in the secession movement. Immediately after the election of Lincoln, it was upon his motion that a convention was called "to secede the State of Mississippi by separate action, such action to take effect *eo instanti*." This was at a special conference to which there came a telegram from South Carolina, asking advice—whether it should secede at once, at the then imminent Secession Convention, or make its ordinance inoperative till the 4th of March. Davis moved they be advised to secede at once. Returning to Washington, "I spent much of my time," he says, "in consultation with Mr. Floyd, Secretary of War, who had been for twelve months, and still was, engaged in sending to the Southern arsenals all available arms under his control." As one of the committee of thirty-three appointed December 10, 1860, to consider the danger, serving against the wishes of Jefferson Davis, he soon proved that he was actuated by no conciliatory spirit. Making himself "the mouthpiece of a wronged and outraged people," his tone was admirably calculated to put the Northern men upon their mettle. Later he moved that the Committee adjourn and report that "no remedy remained but the final appeal to the God of battles." It was at his rooms on the 14th that a manifesto was prepared and sent to all parts of the South, declaring "that argument was exhausted, and that the whole action of the Committee showed a determination to go to the extent of emancipation," though non-extension had been the boldest word. On the 15th he proposed a resolution merely "to show the hopelessness of any agreement": "Be it resolved, that the Constitution of the United States of America recognizes property in the slave, and that it is as much the duty of the general Government to give protection to that species of property, both at sea and on land, as to any other species of property known to our institutions and laws." Corwin's vote as chairman defeated the resolution, on which there was a tie—fifteen to fifteen. This, it seems, was not a "possible concession."

"With a fierce pang of renunciation," as he crossed the Potomac on his way to Mississippi, January 5, looking back on the Capitol, he saw the Stars and Stripes drooping in the still, cold air. Appointed Major-General in place of Jefferson Davis, who had resigned in order to preside over the Southern Constitutional Convention, eighty companies

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were accepted and ordered into camp at his instigation. So little general apprehension was there of the task in hand that this measure was denounced as a piece of useless and wicked extravagance, but it was justified by the event. After a brief term in the field, he went to Richmond to represent his district in the Confederate Congress. "Every step taken up to that time had been, I thought, defeated by tardiness of movement and inadequate preparation, and I could discover no indications of an improved system for the future." He never could. He was all the way along entirely out of conceit with the Southern conduct of the war. On the Military Committee of the House he urged the concentration of the whole available force of the South into two invading columns. Meeting with no response, he resigned from the Committee, and assumed the rôle of Achilles sulking in his tent. After a speech denouncing the whole military policy of the Government, which gave great offence to the Administration, so that afterwards he had no influence, and indeed no personal intercourse, with the heads of Government, he felt himself "a mere spectator in the final acts of our tragedy."

Of the twenty-five years since the fulfilment of his prophecies, there is no account—only a foregleam, in the course of the narrative, of a second marriage which brought children to a childless man, and of his separation from the Democratic party in 1878. His fiery blood was slow to cool, and in 1873 he was shot down in a court-room brawl. His impressions of the new South would have been a welcome addition to his book, but we must not ask too much. An excellent photograph, with eyes like gleaming bayonets, and a mouth like an iron clamp, is an exact reflection of the man who reveals himself to us so frankly in the pages of his book.

MEDIÆVAL ANECDOTES AND JESTS.

L'Esprit de nos Aïeux: Anecdotes et bons mots tirés des manuscrits du xiiie siècle par A. Lecoy de la Marche. Paris: C. Marpon & E. Flammarion. 18mo, pp. xvii, 306.

TWENTY years ago M. de la Marche attracted attention to a long neglected source of mediæval history by his work on the French pulpit in the middle ages ('La Chaire Française au Moyen Âge,' Paris, 1868). It was the custom then as now for preachers to enliven their sermons by the insertion of anecdotes, many of which are valuable for the history of manners and customs, and many others are of interest as throwing some light upon the question of the diffusion of popular tales. Sermons in which anecdotes (technically called *exempla*) occur are not older than the thirteenth century, and Jacques de Vitry, the historian of the Crusades, who died in 1240, is said to have been the first to introduce these stories regularly into sermons. His own are crowded with them, three or four often occurring in succession in one sermon. They were subsequently collected into books by themselves, and served as storehouses from which subsequent preachers drew, often without any acknowledgment of their source. Nor was the use of anecdotes or illustrative stories confined to sermons alone. They were profusely employed in treatises designed for preachers and in expository works; one of the most famous of the class of treatises being that of Étienne de Bourbon, 'Tractatus de diversis materiis prædicabilibus,' partially edited by M. de la Marche in 1877 for the Société de l'Histoire de France, under the title, 'Anecdotes historiques, légendes, et apologues tirés du recueil inédit d'Étienne de Bourbon.

In order to bring this interesting material to the notice of the general reader, M. de la Marche has made a selection of 150 stories, chiefly from the two preachers mentioned above, Jacques de Vitry and Étienne de Bourbon, and from a collection in the Library of Tours, MS. 454. These furnish, respectively, thirty-six, seventy-two, and twenty-eight stories, the remaining fourteen being taken from other preachers of the thirteenth century. The author has arranged his material, according to the various classes of society, into seven chapters: the secular clergy, monks, kings and queens, lords and gentlemen, citizens and people, women in general, and students and their masters. This arrangement is that adopted by some of the old collections of *exempla* and by Jacques de Vitry in his 'Sermones Vulgares.'

The contents of the collection may be broadly divided into two classes: historical anecdotes and jests; the former of great interest for the student of mediæval culture, the latter for the student of folk-lore. Sometimes the two classes blend, as in the anecdote (47) of the King Philippe-Auguste, who met one day a rogue who asked for alms on the ground that he was a relation. "On which side are you my relation?" asked the King. "On Adam's side," was the answer. "Well, give him a penny," said the King to his servants. "That is not a royal gift," remarked the beggar. "My friend," replied the King, "if I gave as much to all my relatives on that side, I should have nothing left for myself." It was the same king who once had a fever, and wanted to quench his thirst with wine, but his physician refused to give him anything but water reddened with wine. "At least," said the King, "let me drink the wine first and the water afterwards; the mixture will be the same." The physician at last consented, but when Philippe had drunk the wine, he pushed the water away and said: "Now I am no longer thirsty."

We must not rely implicitly on the historical value of all the anecdotes, as, for example, the story of Saladin (50), who on his death-bed asked a Jew which was the best religion. The Jew naturally answered his own, but acknowledged that if he abandoned it, he would choose Christianity. A Pagan made the same reply, and finally a Christian declared that if he forsook Christianity, he would hasten to choose—Christianity. After this Saladin did not hesitate to be baptized. The same Sultan, just before his death, commanded his shroud to be borne through the cities and towns of his empire with these words: "The great Saladin, lord of twelve kingdoms, takes nothing else with him from this world."

Many anecdotes show the cruelty with which the poor were treated, as where (78) a rapacious provost ordered his servant to seize the cow of a poor widow. He had no sooner uttered his order than the judgment of God smote him, and for the rest of his life he could only pronounce the words, "Touche la vache." The bailiff of a powerful lord went so far (79) as to advise his master to lay a tax upon the sun in his domains, and charge his serfs a shilling for each piece of cloth they bleached. The unjust judge is ridiculed in the widespread story (88) of the woman who was told to "grease" the judge's hand, and obeyed the injunction literally. Women as usual come in for more than than their share of bitter raillery. In one anecdote (115) a woman would not confess her sins to the priest, so he rang the bells, convoked the people, and said he was going to show them the most precious relics that had ever been preserved of any mortal except the Virgin—those of a woman who had not sinned—and announced his intention of enclosing her in a golden shrine. The sinner was naturally put to confusion and confessed her heinous deeds. A preacher (118) did not hesitate to say that the efforts which Pilate's wife made to save Christ were solely to oppose the salvation of mankind. The story of the "Matron of Ephesus" is not wanting (123), while the custom of wearing false hair and painting the face affords matter for several amusing stories.

Under the class of jests may be included also those stories which are found everywhere in popular literature, such as the "Matron of Ephesus" just mentioned. Among these are (31) the legend of the Monk Felix (in Longfellow's 'Golden Legend'), the Cranes of Ibycus (81), the priest who prided himself on his voice, and who made one of his parishioners weep—because he reminded her so of her lost donkey (13); the young hermit who was told that women, whom he saw for the first time, were geese, and later cried for one of those geese (33), a story made famous by Boccaccio; the Jew who was converted by seeing the Christian religion withstand the evil example of its professors (51), also in Boccaccio; the king who bought the advice, "In all your actions consider to what end they may lead you," which maxim, written on all the royal linen, saves the king's life by terrifying the barber who had been bribed to kill him (61), also in the 'Gesta Romanorum,' c. 103.

Many other stories equally interesting we must pass over. Much of the contents has already seen the light in the author's edition of Étienne de Bourbon, but the extracts from Jacques de Vitry are mostly inedited. They will soon appear in Prof. Crane's complete edition of that author's 'Exempla,' to be published by the English Folk-Lore Society.

MORSE'S FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin. By John T. Morse, jr. [American Statesmen.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

LEST the reader should not discover that this latest Franklin biography is largely a perfunctory piece of work, the author tells us that it is, and almost in so many words. This was quite unnecessary. That any one could produce a life of Franklin—of all men in the world—which could be read listlessly and with flagging interest, is well-nigh incredible; and that Mr. Morse himself, after the skilful treatment of his subject in his volume on John Quincy Adams and other members of this series, should come so near doing it, is indeed a disappointment.

Yet this is a volume which should not be passed over by readers who are interested in obtaining an adequate idea of Franklin's life and career; and it is precisely because many readers may find the temptation to do this a strong one that attention should be directed to several important portions of Mr. Morse's narrative. The first of these is his chapter on the Hutchinson letters, which, though avowedly a brief summary of the affair, is certainly one of the most adequate and satisfactory to which the reader may be referred. In this episode there are at least two distinct phases to be considered, namely, its moral quality as affecting Franklin personally, and its practical bearing as related to current political conditions. As regards the former, Mr. Morse very wisely does not reëcho the "elaborateness and vehemence of the exculpations put forth" by some previous writers. "Yet," he urges, one "would wish to know from whom these letters came to Franklin's hands, the information then given him concerning them, and the authority which the giver might be supposed to have over them." Upon these essential

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matters, he adds, "there is absolutely no evidence." Scarcely less important is it to appreciate the real political bearing of these letters. It was through Hutchinson's suggestions that the sending of the troops to Boston and other similar measures had been determined on. The revulsion of feeling against the Loyalists of New England constituted for many years after the Revolution, and indeed down to a comparatively recent time, a kind of mist through which it was for the most part impossible to obtain anything but a blurred and distorted view of their standing and influence. Therefore it is in every way pertinent for Mr. Morse to remind his readers that Hutchinson, a native of Massachusetts, as well as an officer of the Government, was a man of such standing that "the English Government had a perfect right to rely upon the soundness of his statements and opinions."

Another point which Mr. Morse's account makes plain is, that Franklin, in his diplomatic endeavors abroad, had much more of a hostile influence to contend with than was represented by Arthur Lee alone. The embittered feeling which in Lee's case was so prominently manifested, was abundantly shared by Samuel Adams and a large following in New England, as an examination of the correspondence of Arthur Lee renders clear. Mr. Morse very justly observes that Samuel Adams "felt towards Franklin that distrust and dislike which a limited but intense mind often cherishes towards an intellect whose vast scope and noble serenity it cannot comprehend." Inestimable as were Samuel Adams's services in other directions, the thwarting influence which he exerted in America, while his great kinsman, John Adams, was chafing with jealousy of Franklin abroad, needs to be borne in mind in estimating the weighty results actually achieved by Franklin. Mr. Morse has, however, one comment on Mrs. John Adams which is likely to provoke inquiry in the minds of his readers. After quoting language used by her in 1775, eulogistic of Franklin in the extreme, he remarks: "The time came when her husband would not have *let* her speak thus in praise of Benjamin Franklin." We fear that Mr. Morse underestimates the independence and original force of character of Mrs. Abigail Adams.

On the subject of the Treaty of Peace with England in 1783, and the negotiations leading to it, Mr. Morse has an advantage over his predecessors, in being able to avail himself of the new and important materials brought to light within the last few years. Of these he makes good use, and this portion of his narrative may be commended as a lucid as well as compact statement of this whole series of events. It will be well worth the trouble involved if this chapter shall serve to induce his readers to study this transaction in Mr. Bigelow's eighth volume of Franklin's works, to which the repeated references given by Mr. Morse will be a direct aid. It is noteworthy that Mr. Morse, in common with nearly every recent writer, holds, in the matter of the interesting Vaughan episode, to the view maintained by Mr. John Jay in his examination of his grandfather's career, rather than to that maintained by Mr. Bancroft. Mr. Morse forbears, however, from treating this subject with any detail, since, as he announces, the volume on Jay, soon to appear in this same series, "will contain a very full and accurate presentation of this entire affair, drawn from those sources which have only very recently become public, and which go far to remove former questions out of the realm of discussion."

Mr. Morse pathetically claims the sympathy of his readers in view of the fact that, for the period ending with 1757, any modern account of Franklin maintains but an unequal competition with the immortal Autobiography of Franklin himself. It is also to be remembered that the publication, only two years ago, of Mr. McMaster's volume, devoted distinctively to Franklin "as a man of letters," removes from among the materials now available some of the most important and attractive. In many instances, however, Mr. Morse has added to the interest of his volume by quoting from Franklin's own letters or other compositions. The famous letter to William Strahan in 1775 is printed at page 203, yet it would have been well, perhaps, to add in connection with it that a later letter of Franklin to Strahan, which has recently come to light and is printed in Hale's 'Franklin in France,' makes the letter of 1775, as Mr. Hale says, "more inexplicable than ever."

It is a pleasure to state that the index, as is usual with this valuable series, is admirably complete and a distinct assistance in the use of the book. It is perhaps in accordance with a certain familiar usage that Franklin's grandson appears in this index with no other given name than Temple; but the more accurate form, William Temple Franklin, is to be preferred as being less misleading. A more distinctly incorrect citation of a name is that of Gov. Hutchinson's great-grandson, Peter Orlando Hutchinson, whose first name Mr. Morse, at page 182, makes Thomas. In general the work is marked by that accuracy which is characteristic of these useful volumes.

Grammatik der Attischen Inschriften. Von Dr. K. Meisterhans. Zweite vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage. Berlin: Weidmann.

It is not "the unexpected that happens" this time. On the appearance of the first edition in 1885, the work at once became an authority, quoted and referred to on all hands, and it was a moral certainty that its author would have to issue a second and enlarged edition. In its new form the size and number of the pages are both increased, the former slightly, the latter considerably, as we now have 217 pages against the 109 of the previous edition. The index is about twice as extensive as the first one, and the *Inhaltsübersicht* has 90 sections instead of 50. It need not be said that Meisterhans has diligently and, as he says, *gewissenhaft*, made use of the work of the last three years in his line; and those teachers who read in the *American Journal of Philology* for December, 1886 (pp. 540 and 542), about O. Riemann's articles reviewing the work of Meisterhans, and who there read that these articles were "indispensable for those who use that indispensable book," will be comforted to know that, though they may not have had access to the *Revue de Philologie*, Meisterhans in this new edition has made special acknowledgment of Riemann's recensions, so that whatever he deemed valuable in those "indispensable" articles will be found incorporated here. Of course, too, other authorities are brought up to date; and we have, for example, the second edition of G. Meyer's Greek Grammar referred to instead of the first.

If the "shining light of one of our great centres of enlightenment" spoken of by the reviewer of Prof. Allen's revision of Hadley's Grammar—the one who said: "With Greek it is different: you either know it or you don't know it; and if you know it, that is all there is to it"—will make some use of this book and compare it with the grammars in use, he will *perhaps* begin to doubt his dictum. And the "modest schoolmaster" likewise spoken of there will find light let in on various points that may have perplexed him. Many a plodding pedagogue, with all his industry, fails to find anywhere a reason for the changes he is compelled to make in familiar statements. He cannot be a specialist in the various lines of research. Most likely he is very far from being a specialist in *any* of these lines. He may even be filled with despair when he finds specialties so minutely subdivided that a question addressed to one of the most illustrious of our scholars is referred by him to "a specialist in diphthongs." But with all this he may like to have an intelligent idea of the reasons for all these changes. We will undertake to point out here the conflicting statements to be found in regard to a few of the matters that the weary schoolmaster has to present to his pupils in their elementary stages.

If he was brought up under the old edition of Hadley's Grammar, he learned ἄστεος as the genitive of ἄστυ, and was told in a note that ἄστεως occurs, but less often. In Goodwin's Grammar he finds ἄστεως in a note, and it is said to be poetic. Krüger and Kühner both give ἄστεος, and the latter devotes a note to ἄστεως, telling how extremely rare it is. But Liddell and Scott give ἄστεως as the Attic form; and the new Hadley gives it in the paradigm in good fat black type, and a note says that ἄστεος is poetic. If he can get hold of the 'Thesaurus,' he finds that the volume containing ἄστυ bears the date of 1831–1856, and ἄστεως is there given as the Attic form, with Rangabé referred to as an authority. Maybe he does not just exactly know who Rangabé was or is. Meisterhans, however, comes to his help, and quotes among his authorities the same work of Rangabé that Dindorf quotes in the 'Thesaurus,' and 1842 is the year of its publication. Well, our schoolmaster thinks, slow work that! Proof of the correctness of ἄστεως given in 1842, accepted by Dindorf in the 'Thesaurus' not later than 1856, and yet the new Hadley of 1884 is the first grammar he has found it in, and Kühner in 1869 rejected the proof and retained ἄστεος. Nay, the fight for recognition is harder than that, for, see: he takes Von Essen (one of his bosom friends by this time) and "strikes after" (as a German would say) ἄστυ in Thucydides. He finds the genitive singular given three times, all in the form ἄστεος. The text of Engelmann's translation gives this form in all three places, and so does Krüger's text. Stahl, on the contrary, has ἄστεως in the two instances in the eighth book, so that in 1874 this form received that much recognition; but then Classen, with Stahl's example before him, gives ἄστεος throughout, and this in 1878. So the matter does not seem to be settled yet. We learn from Meisterhans that ἄστεος is not found in inscriptions at all, only ἄστεως. How the doctors do differ!

What paradigms are dearer to the heart of the "gerund grinder" than γένος and βασιλεύς? They are both of them good old standbys—that is, if there are any such. The old Hadley gave only γενῶν as genitive plural. In Goodwin γενέων *or* γενῶν is found. So in Kühner, who says γενέων occurs very often even in Attic prose. Krüger gives both. But the new Hadley gives only the form in -ῶν, and is fully borne out by Meisterhans, the form -έων not being found in inscriptions. But if we go by this, we must write γένει in the dual, instead of γένη, and πόλει instead of πόλεε, and this innovation has not obtained any sort of foothold yet, so far as we know. Then, as to βασιλεύς, Prof. Allen's reviewer objected to seeing βασιλῆς treated with so little respect as to be "shoved aside into a note." Reinach had

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already told us (p. 279), on the basis of Wecklein's investigations, that -ῆς was the correct form till towards 350 B. C., and had said that in Thucydides *il faut partout rétablir* -ῆς. Meisterhans gives the same data. Of making many grammars there is no end, and it remains to be seen how soon a new crop of boys will learn βασιλῆς as the nominative plural, and find βασιλεῖς in a fine-print note, and so "skip" it.

But how shall inscriptions, texts, and grammars walk together, except they be agreed, as they certainly are not now? To be taught that βασιλῆς is the right form, and to be constantly meeting βασιλεῖς, is too unsettling a matter for schoolboys. The demand will no doubt become more and more imperious that the forms handed down to us by the copyist shall be corrected in conformity with the testimony of the rocks. Some years ago we heard a very noted German professor criticise Stein's text of Herodotus, because he paid so little regard to accepted facts ascertained from inscriptions.

One of the additions in the new Meisterhans is the first paragraph under Conjugation, §61, 1, in regard to η or ει as the ending in the present middle. Unfortunately the trumpet gives a somewhat uncertain sound in this case. "Die 2. Pers. S. Med. (primär) scheint seit dem iv. Jahrhundert auf -ει geendigt zu haben." *Seems*, and only one example given, is not very encouraging, especially as we had noted the omission of anything on this point in the first edition, and were on the lookout for it. Still, the only conclusion to be drawn is that prior to 378 the ending had been η. The matter is not without interest. We were all brought up on "λύῃ or λύει." But Prof. Allen in his preface states that, "in the interest of a stricter Atticism, η in the second person singular middle has been dropped"; and in § 384 he states that ει is the form in Attic, η in all other dialects (except Ionic). This disposes summarily of Kühner's long excursus on the subject in his edition of the 'Memorabilia,' and of the long paragraph on the subject in his Grammar (p. 536). And though η occurs in the texts, that is no reason, as we have seen, for adhering to it. What is our perplexity then (and by "our" we mean the large class of teachers who are struggling to keep at least within sight of what the scholars are doing), to find that G. Meyer, §143 and §466, quietly gives η as the form. "Att. η: λύῃ." And not only so, but in a note on page 157 he speaks of βούλει and οἴει as being *exceptions* difficult to account for. How often, in the days of our childhood, have we heard about the faithful three, βούλει, οἴει, and ὄψει, that never have η in the indicative! Of course there is no need for this (in Attic), if *all* verbs have only ει. But then, what has become of ὄψει? Prof. Allen makes provision for βούλει and οἴει in the common dialect, but never a syllable about ὄψει. Meyer speaks of βούλει and οἴει, but never a syllable about ὄψει. What has become of it? It has a host of friends who intend to stand by it and see justice done.

Other matters which we look for without finding are, the dative singular of neuters of the third declension in -ας, as γῆρας, κρέας, etc. The books vary greatly between -αι and ᾳ in the dative, the tendency being towards -αι, while ᾳ still holds its ground pretty firmly in our texts. Meisterhans is equally silent about ειν or η in the pluperfect active. As we strive to trace out some of these matters, we are reminded of a sentence by the editor of the *American Journal of Philology:* There is many a man who wishes he had never been born, by reason of the connecting vowel.

Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians. Edited by John Denison Champlin. Critical editor, W. F. Apthorp. Vols. I. and II. Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is not customary for dictionaries of music or of any other art or science to be printed in an *édition de luxe*, but the present work starts out in its career in such a garb. Only 550 copies are printed, 50 of which are intended for the English market, and there will be three volumes in all at $25 each. It is not, therefore, a work so much for the student of music as for the wealthy amateur and patron of the art. This fact has apparently guided the editor in his choice of material. The student, for instance, looking for historic or technical information under such heads as Greek Music, Gregorian Chant, Counterpoint, Canon, Cantata, will be disappointed in finding no such entries; while the amateur who does not as a rule care for such information, but who often is haunted by the words of a melody which he cannot trace to its source, will be pleased to find that he has only to turn to this Encyclopædia under the first word of the song to find it referred to the opera, etc., to which it belongs; and, pursuing his search to the opera itself, he will find its plot given in full, together with the date of its first performance, the first cast, etc.

This merging of the plan of an opera-lexicon like Riemann's with the usual musical dictionary is a valuable feature of the present work; but, owing to the absence of technical and general historic articles, the title, 'Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians,' must be regarded as a misnomer. It should have been rather 'A Dictionary of Composers and their Works'—composers, and not musicians, because mere performers do not receive special notice, however famous, but only the creative musicians. There are, however, many costume portraits of eminent singers accompanying the articles on operas in which they have specially distinguished themselves—such as Materna as *Brünnhilde*, Minnie Hauck as *Carmen*, Albani as *Elsa*, etc. The list of minor biographies is more full than in any other musical cyclopædia, especially in the department of American biography, which includes not a few ephemeridæ whose names will never get into any other dictionary. Indeed, in looking at all these names, once more or less eminent in music, the transitoriness of fame is vividly brought to mind. Most of them are *vox et præterea nihil*—and to the public not even an empty name.

The portraits which accompany all these biographical notices of the first, second, and third order of merit constitute an extremely valuable feature of the work. There is one on the average to every page—more than a thousand in all; and besides these there are in the two volumes twenty-four beautiful full-page etched portraits of the great masters, including Auber, Bach, Beethoven, Bellini, Berlioz, Boieldieu, Brahms, Cherubini, Chopin, Donizetti, Franz, Gluck, Gounod, Handel, Haydn, Lasso, Liszt, Lully, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Paine, Palestrina, Purcell. Moreover, there are autographs, facsimiles of famous compositions, views of birth-places, medals, monuments, caricatures—everything, in short, that an *édition de luxe* ought to have. There are few marks of original research, and little that cannot be found in Mendel, Fétis, Riemann, and Grove. In the three features enumerated, however—the numerous portraits, the very complete biographic list, and the combining Riemann's 'Opera Lexicon' with the ordinary dictionary—Mr. Champlin's cyclopædia is unique. Nor must we omit mention of the very useful list of works on music and musicians which takes up ten pages of the first volume. The encyclopædia is printed on heavy paper and elegantly bound.

The Quiet Life. Certain Verses by Various Hands: the Motive set forth in a Prologue and Epilogue by Austin Dobson; the whole adorned with numerous Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons. Harper & Bros. Pp. iv, 98.

Much of the contents of this book has been made familiar to us in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. If this seems depreciatory, as implying that the book is an old story, there is, at all events, nothing more to be said, unless one were to accuse the cover of being rather harsh in effect. The design of it is an intelligent one, and smacks pleasantly of famous bindings of the last century in its sowing of gold sprigs on a dark-red ground; but something about it—either the shade of the leather, or the rather heavy outer borders, or the very large letters which form a part, or all together—make a cover less agreeable than so carefully thought-out a scheme should be. Now, as to the really delightful contents. A prologue by Mr. Austin Dobson tells the purpose of the book, namely, to aid its readers and the students of its pictures to withdraw from the racket into country quiet and remote peacefulness. An epilogue by the same author—an epilogue of four lines—may as well be quoted:

"Let the dream pass, the fancy fade!
We clutch a shape, and hold a shade.
Is peace so peaceful? Nay, who knows?
There are volcanoes under snows."

This seems to be a grim suggestion that the tranquillity which the book undertakes to preach and to give can only be temporary for unhappy men.

The body of the book is made up of well-known poems, of classics, some old, and some not so old; namely, Andrew Marvell's admirable poem beginning—

"How vainly men themselves amaze,"

which is easily the finest poem in the book, and would often be the best in any collection of which it might form a part; Abraham Cowley's stanzas known as "The Wish," and Praed's two poems, "Quince" and "The Vicar"; Pope's "Ode to Solitude"; Randolph's "To Master Anthony Stafford," and "The Married Man," by an unknown author, the three four-line stanzas like a little hymn, beginning—

"I only am the man,
Among all married men,
Who do not wish the priest
To be unlinked again."

Each of these poems is overwhelmingly illustrated, as the readers of *Harper's Magazine* will remember. There are pictures to every stanza, sometimes two or three of them, a headpiece and a tailpiece; and full-page illustrations interpose themselves between the verses of each poem. It is hardly necessary to praise or to analyze Mr. Abbey's work, which has become so well known and is always so welcome to the audience to which this book appeals. The large figure-pieces seem to be generally Mr. Abbey's; the head and tailpieces, by Mr. Parsons, are very pretty studies of landscape, details of tree and flower, and distant peeps of church spire and sky. They harmonize perfectly with Mr. Abbey's work, and it is not until we turn to the full-page landscapes, as, for instance, those which illustrate Thomas Randolph's poem, that there is any feeling of insufficiency of thought; and in suggesting this it is not meant that they are not interesting, but that the large page is, perhaps, less full of matter in proportion than the small

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vignette. The landscape on page 89 seems to us the best of Mr. Parsons's designs, and that cannot be said to be lacking in interest. There is always the suspicion that the process engraving does not adequately represent the original drawing, especially in the most delicate parts; but this is more apparent in Mr. Abbey's designs than in those by his colleague. After all pros and cons are stated, the conclusion is that here is a charming book, which it will be hard for this season's collection of gift-books to surpass in permanent value.

Convenient Houses, with fifty plans for the Housekeeper. By Louis H. Gibson, Architect. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

SYSTEMATIC treatises on the planning of houses are rare. It takes more leisure than an experienced architect is apt to have to make such a treatise, say, as Prof. Kerr's 'English Gentleman's House,' in which the subject is analyzed and its principles logically displayed in a way to be profitable for those whose business it is to plan. So, although architectural practice in the United States has developed characteristics of plan which deserve record and study, we have still to wait for any such analysis of their principles as shall be a useful guide to the student. Meanwhile we have many books, such as Mr. E. C. Gardner's series of clever volumes, or Mr. Holly's 'Modern Dwellings,' which, aimed at the public rather than the professional student, rely on recipe more than analysis. They teach by example and comment, in a sort of kindergarten method, better adapted, perhaps, than the analytic to persons who want to get houses for themselves instead of devising them for others.

One of the most practical of these books is the one before us, which is intended, as the author says, to deal with houses in a housekeeping spirit. It contains plans for fifty houses, mostly of a very modest kind, with exteriors of several, comments, and an essay on how to build them. The author is a practising architect, who writes with knowledge, clearness, and sense. Naturally, the practical details of planning and construction get most attention. The plans do not lack invention, and the amateur house-builder should get a good deal of useful instruction from them and from their commentary. Certain technicalities and suggestions of local habit agree with the Western home rather than the Eastern; but the good sense is at home everywhere. There is sensible suggestion for the inexperienced in this:

"We often hear the statement made that one can tell nothing about the cost of a house till it is finished. One can come as near knowing what a house will cost as he can to knowing what he wants before he begins. One can get prices on what he has in mind, if his ideas be expressed. He cannot get prices on the unknown. . . . The fact that architects' estimates are often too low, is because the owner is not sufficiently informed in house-building to know what he wants until after the estimate is made. The owner usually expresses a price that he wishes to pay for his house before he expresses his idea."

Elementary Practical Physics: A Guide for the Physical Laboratory. By H. N. Chute, M.S., Teacher of Physics in the Ann Arbor High School. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1889.

THE teaching of Physics in this country has been of late years very much facilitated by the introduction of good experimental courses. These are now common in the higher schools, and, with the aid of good teachers and good text-books, are likely to exert a very marked influence in the progress of science. We venture to assert that they will do more: that they will aid materially in inculcating the scientific method of looking at all questions, and the scientific as distinguished from the sentimental habit of thought. Mr. Chute's work contains a large number of simple and well-chosen experiments such as can in general be made with cheap apparatus, and is well suited to high schools and the smaller colleges. We notice a few omissions easily supplied. Thus the subject of inertia is not mentioned, yet it can be studied with great advantage by means of a common spring-balance and two or three weights. In Maxwell's admirable little work on 'Matter and Motion,' article cxxiii, there is a beautiful and simple experiment on the centre of oscillation and percussion which is well worth citing. The omissions, however, are not serious defects, and a small work has limits as to subjects. The work is a very good one, and well deserves attention.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aitkin, G. A. The Life of Richard Steele. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $8.
Allen, W. B. The Red Mountain of Alaska. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $2.50.
Ames, Lucia True. Memoirs of a Millionaire. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Bell, Mrs. Hugh. Théâtre de la Jeunesse: Twelve Little French Plays for School-Room and Drawing-Room. Longmans, Green & Co. 90 cents.
Belot, A. My Good Friend. Worthington & Co. 25 cents.
Champlin, J. D., jr. Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians. With more than 1,000 illustrations. Vols. I. and II. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Champney, Elizabeth W. Witch Winnie; The Story of a "King's Daughter." White & Allen.
Chisholm, G. G. Handbook of Commercial Geography. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
Cinderella and the Little Glass Slipper. White & Allen.
Clavers, the Despot's Champion. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
Comfort, Lucy Randall. Ida Chaloner's Heart. Geo. Munro. 25 cents.
Eyster, Nellie Blessing. A Colonial Boy. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.25.
Freeman, A. C. The American State Reports of Cases of General Value, Decided in Courts of Last Resort. Vol. VIII. San Francisco: Bancroft-Whitney Co.
French-Sheldon, M. Herbert Severance. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Frost, W. G. Alpha: A Greek Primer. Introductory to Xenophon. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.
Hawthorne, N. The Marble Faun. 2 vols. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hervey, Mrs. Charles. Putt's Notions. London: Jarrold & Sons.
Hill, G. B. Select Essays of Dr. Johnson. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. $2.75.
Hints and Points for Sportsmen. Forest and Stream Publishing Co. $1.50.
Holmes, O. W. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.
Howitt, Margaret. Mary Howitt: An Autobiography. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $8.
Hubert, P. G., jr. The Nursery Lesson Book: A Guide for Mothers in Teaching Young Children. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.
Kingsley, C. Westward Ho! Macmillan & Co. 25 cents.
Lowell, A. L. Essays on Government. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
McCarthy, J. Roland Oliver. John W. Lovell Co. 30 cents.
Meredith, O. The Earl's Return. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $1.50.
Metzerott, Shoemaker. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Nichols, W. F. Topics in Geography. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 55 cents.
O'Reilly, H. Fifty Years on the Trail: A True Story of Western Life. Frederick Warne & Co. $1.
Pheips, Elizabeth Stuart. The Struggle for Immortality. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Pollard, Josephine. Plays and Games for Little Folks. McLoughlin Brothers.
Redway, J. W. The Teacher's Manual of Geography. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 55 cents.
Robins, C. M. The Tree of Knowledge. John W. Lovell Co. 30 cents.
Russell, W. C. Marooned: A Novel. Harper & Bros. 25 cents.
Sanborn, Kate. The Rainbow Calendar. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Saunders, J. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Annotated and Accented, with Illustrations of English Life in Chaucer's Time. New ed. Illustrated. Macmillan & Co. $1.60.
Schönbach, A. E. Ueber Lesen und Bildung. 3d ed. Graz: Leuschner & Lubensky.
Scott, R. P. Cycling Art, Energy and Locomotion. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.
Shapley, R. E. The New Revenue Act of Pennsylvania, and Parts of Previous Acts Still in Force. Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co. $1.
Sheba: A Study of Girlhood. John W. Lovell Co. 30 cents.
Strasburger, Prof. E. Handbook of Practical Botany. 2d ed. revised and enlarged. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.50.
Sturgis, J. Comedy of a Country House. John W. Lovell Co. 30 cents.
Torrey, B. A Rambler's Lease. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Walker, S. F. Electricity in Our Homes and Workshops. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.50.
Ward, J. H. The Church in Modern Society. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Wright, Henrietta C. The Princess Lilliwinkins. Harper & Bros.
Wuarin, Prof. L. Le Contribuable; ou, Comment défendre sa bourse. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Yeats, W. B. Stories from Carleton. London: Walter Scott.
Zimmern, Helen. The Hansa Towns. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

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